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AMERICA THE DREAM

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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FROM GRETNA GREEN

TO LAND'S END: A

LITERARY JOURNEY

IN ENGLAND

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

*Publishers · New York*

# AMERICA THE DREAM

*By*

KATHARINE LEE BATES

*Late Professor of English Literature  
in Wellesley College*

*"Where there is no vision,  
the people perish."*

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*Inscribed*

TO

MY BROTHER

ARTHUR LEE BATES







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## *T o M y C o u n t r y*

*O dear my Country, beautiful and dear,  
 Love does not darken sight.  
 Not blindfold are her eyes; their vision clear  
 Discerns more flaws than keenest hate has known;  
 Nor is Love's judgment gentle, but austere.  
 The heart of Love must break ere it condone  
 One stain upon the white.*

*There comes an hour when on the parent turns  
 The challenge of the child;  
 The bridal passion for perfection burns;  
 Life gives her last allegiance to the best;  
 Each sweet idolatry the spirit spurns,  
 Once more enfranchised for its starry quest  
 Of beauty undefiled.*

*Love must be one with honor; yet today  
 Love liveth by a sign;  
 Allows no lasting compromise with clay,  
 But waits the mounting miracle of gold,  
 Content with service till the bud make way  
 To the rejoicing sunbeams that unfold  
 Its culminant Divine.*

*O dear my Country, beautiful and dear,  
 Ultimate dream of Time,  
 By all thy millions longing to revere  
 A pure, august, authentic commonweal,  
 Climb to the light. Imperiled Pioneer  
 Of Brotherhood among the nations, seal  
 Our faith with thy sublime.*





# *The Discoverers*

*"Content to take his adventure gladly."*

—HAKLUYT

## *Dreamers*

**W**E catch the wind in a woven net,  
    *A shining net,*  
Snare her wonderful, beating wings  
In a wilder urgency that flings  
    *The splendor of its threat*  
Over all mortal things.

*From the sand we spin us a golden rope,  
    A sparkling rope,  
And loop it over the tip of a star  
To hold us fast where the whirlpools are,  
    We who are saved by hope,  
We who adventure far.*



## *Cape of Good Hope*

“And by this cape goe the Portingales to their spicerie.”

**C**ABO TORMENTOSO the sailors called it first,  
And Stormy Cape all mariners shall find it evermore.  
The passion of the hurricane on its iron rocks is nursed,  
Veering winds of huge desire that thwart the plunging  
barque.

Pale witch-fires glisten on the wave and beacon from the  
shore,

And shipwrecked voices bid beware of gramarye accurst.  
Cape of Good Hope! We seek it far across the waters dark,  
But Cabo Tormentoso the sailors named it first.

By this wild cape the mariners go to their spicerie,  
Weather-wasted mariners with dreaming, dreaming eyes.  
Behind them toss the sullen leagues of monster-haunted sea;  
Before them, oh, before them lift the breathing groves of  
mace,

Nard and clove and cinnamon, where fragrance never dies,  
Where amber balsam drips from the flame-shaped Incense  
Tree.

Cape of Good Hope! Year in, year out, the reckless sailor-  
race

Throw scorn upon your tempests for a waft of spicerie.

## *Capo Desiderato*

“When the Capitaine Magalianes was past the straight, and saw the way open to the other main sea, he was so glad thereof, that for joy the tears fell from his eyes, and he named the point of land from whence he first saw that sea, *Capo Desiderato*.”

ONLY for this had he mightily striven  
In the voyage never ventured before,  
His five little caravels stript and driven  
By tempests monstrous and sore,  
Old caravels, patched, “ribs soft as butter,”  
Reeling in surges dire,  
On many a mouth the mutinous mutter,  
Only for this vision spreading calm and blue  
Of the vast twin ocean, its secret door sailed through,  
Only for his Cape of Heart’s Desire.

Gone down the wind like a seagull’s feather  
Were the frets and lets he had known,  
The sneer of King Manuel, snapping the tether  
That had held to Portugal’s throne  
Her star of sailors; humiliation  
Of a dream that must beg for hire  
At the jealous gates of a rival nation,  
Wooing an alien banner, bowed at the nonchalant feet  
Of Spain’s boy emperor, Carlos,—but all the bitter turned  
sweet,  
Gazing from his Cape of Heart’s Desire.

Hour of his victory, diadem crowning  
Long months of musing on charts,  
Wild years of seafaring, stern year of frowning  
His faith into traitorous hearts!



## *The First Voyage of John Cabot*

“**H**E chases shadows,” sneered the Bristol tars.  
 “As well fling nets to catch the flaming stars  
 As climb the surges of earth’s utmost sea.”  
 But for the Venice pilot, meagre, wan,  
 His swarthy sons beside him, life began  
 With that slipt cable, when his dream rode free.

And Henry, on his battle-wrested throne,  
 The Councils done, would speak in musing tone  
 Of Cabot, not the cargo he might bring.  
 “Man’s heart, though morsel scant for hungry crow,  
 Is greater than a world can fill, and so  
 Fair fall the shadow-seekers!” quoth the king.



*Drake*

HE was a pirate, Francis Drake,  
As the Dons complained, while his laugh would  
shake

The throne of Philip; a buccaneer  
Who filled the winds of the world with fear.

Drake's red beard was a flaming fuse  
From Nombre de Dios to Santa Cruz;  
A fiery Dragon, his wrath would swoop  
On Valparaiso and Guadaloupe;  
Terror of Drake swept the Golden Main  
To Cadiz, the Silver Cup of Spain.  
He circled the globe like a burning snake,  
Master Thief for England's sake.

The glistening harvest Spain's flail had threshed  
From the Indian Islands, all enmeshed  
In her bitter bondage, this pirate stole  
With a crimson hand and a singing soul,  
More bars of silver and creels of gold,  
Pearls and gems than his boats could hold.  
He sacked their cities; he fell upon  
Their mule-trains heavy with treasure won  
From tortured Incas of rich Peru  
And, sudden as scream of the cockatoo,  
Had stricken and slain and plundered—gone  
Before their eyelids were well awake,  
Before their weapons were well aware,  
Till never a grove of cinnamon  
Nor listening, fronded forest where  
Golds and greens were interblent  
As sun and shadow came and went,  
But shivered for dread of English Drake.





He loved his ships like daughters and sons,  
His first, the Judith of fifty tons,  
The Dragon, the Pasha, the Marigold  
Whose drowning cry, as the icy seas  
Over her battered bulkheads rolled,  
Stabbed his dreams till death brought ease  
To those wild memories beating on  
An outworn heart; the Christopher, Swan,  
And the little, dancing Pelican,  
Who came limping home, as the Golden Hind,  
By the road Magellan died to find,  
Having traced her course in flashes of foam  
Around the globe, a wonder of ships,  
Stumbling, staggering, straining home  
To her own white cliffs, like a wounded gull,  
To be flocked to and famed till her ancient hull  
Was whittled away into sacred chips.

He loved his ships and he lived aboard  
Like a king of the waves, a ruffling lord  
In silk and pearl, while his Devon crew,  
West-country seadogs, bronzed and brawny,  
Flaunted in scarves of popinjay blue  
Over their doublets of peas-porridge tawny.  
His cabin was tapestried; sprinkled his dress  
With perfumes, a present from blithe Queen Bess.  
In platters of silver gilt displayed  
Were his banquets, comfits and marmalade  
And fruits of the tropics to season the fish;  
His arms were graven on every dish.  
He drew out his knife from a velvet sash;  
With napery fine from his red moustache  
He wiped with a flourish the drops of sack,  
While in carven chair he flung him back



To repose his soul from its slashing sins  
On the music of flutes and violins,  
A pirate prouder than mandarins.

Up the green sea's hills, down the green sea's valleys,  
His keen ships coursed King Philip's galleys,  
And set their teeth, when the chance befell,  
In Portuguese carrack and caravel.  
Foemen he fought and roaring seas,  
Wreck and wounds and foul disease,  
Scurvy and fever and famine and thirst;  
Hanged his traitors and roundly cursed  
His blunderers; made his gentlemen haul  
With his mariners; clamped his will on all.  
While the Council of England fretted and feared,  
He sailed, and singed King Philip's beard.  
Like a thunderous cloud Spain's vengeance loomed;  
The King demanded the pirate's head;  
His dark ambassador frowned and fumed  
Till the eyes of the heretic Queen flashed red;  
It was not in her Tudor heart to forsake  
That whirling firebrand, Francis Drake.

Then the booty he brought, undreamed, unpriced,  
A jewelled cross with a golden Christ;  
Masses of bullion, moidores, doubloons;  
Rounds of silver like fallen moons;  
Flakes of gold where the Queen's white hand  
Might play like a child's in a heap of sand;  
Precious stones as if God would make  
Another rainbow for Francis Drake;  
Treasure to arm a million troop  
'Gainst angry Philip; a rope of pearls  
Whose gleams were dreams from the heart of the sea,



A dowry for half a hundred girls,  
Yet only a sheen for the Queen to loop  
Over any dress of her thousands three;  
A falcon of gold with a ruby crest  
And one great emerald set for breast,  
An enchanted falcon eager to shine  
In Elizabeth's boudoir of Venice glass  
That would give her back birds ninety and nine  
Preening their feathers to see her pass,  
A pirate's gift to a pirate's lass!  
The gamble of it! The song of the sails  
In all his stories, those wonder-tales  
Of regions beyond the rim of the world,  
Edens where glittering serpents curled  
And dusky figures moved to and fro,  
Their moccasined footsteps making no  
Louder rustle than winds that blow  
Drowsily out of the sunset skies;  
Comely figures of gracious guise,  
Clad in vesture of woven wings,  
Plumage of Paradise colorings,  
Necklaces wrought of amber flies,  
And all fantastical jewelries!

Well for the pirate the Ship of State,  
In that tense hour of England's fate,  
Had a woman's hand at its gallant helm,  
A woman's hand but a wrist that yet  
Throbbled with the pulse of Plantagenet.  
He whose deeds had endangered the realm  
Knelt at her feet, alive or dead  
As her voice should doom,—a voice unheard  
For one long minute while Queen Bess toyed  
With a light, gold-hilted, gem-set sword



Whose shifting blade strange dazzles shed  
Upon that wary, weathered head  
Bowed with a courage unalloyed.  
What was a queen to a hurricane?  
The hushed court hearkened for her word.  
The eyes of the fierce grandee of Spain  
Glowed with a threat behind the hate.  
One's heart could hear the centuries wait  
While the Queen pondered on many things,  
Treaties and snares and the smiles of kings,  
Issues of life and issues of death,  
The flash of a cutlass that dared to break  
The web that entangled her England—Drake,  
A pirate, a pirate for England's sake,  
A pirate of pirates, to Spanish grief  
And English blessing, a Master Thief  
Who had spoiled the spoilers. Logic enough;  
A woman's statecraft is shimmering stuff  
Spun of the spirit. Soft as a flake  
Of the earliest snow on the topmost leaf  
The steel touched his shoulder and Destiny spake,  
Destiny borne on a woman's breath,  
In the vibrant voice of Elizabeth:  
"I bid thee rise, Sir Francis Drake."

## Hudson's Third Voyage

I

FROM Holland north he sailed away  
(Lure and loss of the Orient)  
To cross the Pole to far Cathay  
Where the hopes of the merchants went.

Through fog and sleet and gusting weather  
The Half-Moon sought the Pole;  
But not for her were the lands of myrrh,  
For the Gods had set her goal.

The crystal gate to the isles of spice  
It was not for her to find.  
The white bergs kept their Paradise  
And cast her down the wind.

## II

Over the waste of green and gray  
(North Star and the Scorpion's Heart)  
The little Half-Moon she groped her way,  
Cleaving the surge apart.

No more was she than a seagull's feather  
To that awful, billowy vast.  
The rending gales made sport of her sails,  
But her master's will held fast.

She scudded before the westerling wind,  
And league on league she won,

Till the wrath of the deep was left behind,  
And the land stood fair in the sun.

### III

Here they touched and there they lay:  
(Goodly grapes and wild-rose trees)  
They stretched their hands out over the spray  
To take the fragrances.

But the little Half-Moon she tugged at her tether;  
She had not found her own;  
Like a restless ghost she roamed the coast  
Till the rose was over-blown.

And the grapes were purple upon the vine  
When at last her course she took  
—For the gods had given their secret sign—  
Past the point of Sandy Hook.

### IV

Manna-hatta all sweet with woods  
(Yellow boughs on the autumn air)  
Longed in her startled solitudes  
For the burden her heart must bear.

But ever the master wondered whether  
His path to the isles would flow  
From the mighty stream that mocked his dream  
Three hundred years ago.

Here were his Indies, here his fame,  
Where the hidden river rolled,

Where the echoing cliffs caught up his name,  
And the mountains gleamed with gold.

## V

When the Hudson glistens, a moonlight strip,  
(Only the gods decree the crown)  
There sails up stream a little old ship  
As still as thistledown.

Dutchmen and Englishmen lean together  
Out from her long-nosed prow;  
Antique is the group on her queer high poop;  
Clouded her master's brow.

His passion breaks his postured trance,  
A great sigh heaves his breast,  
Still chafing at the tarriance  
On his enchanted quest.

## *The Forgotten*

*“Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?”*

—SIR THOMAS BROWNE



*The Wild Swan of the  
Indies*

***T**HE wild swan of the Indies  
That winters in the moon!  
To clutch its fierce white wings and ride  
Above the clouds where the whirlwinds hide,  
Cyclone, typhoon!*

*'Tis there I would see the thunder-bird  
From his flaming bill unsheath  
A cry that should shatter the crystal sphere  
And answer the broken heart of Lear  
On the blasted heath.*

## *In the Land of Cinnamon*

“The labour and want of food that Gonzalo Pizarro and his people suffered was so great that four thousand Indians died of hunger, and among them was an Indian beloved of Gonzalo, whose death Gonzalo mourned as if he had been his own brother.”

I HAVE borne all till now without a token  
Of weakness, constant to my warrior vow  
To find that Earthly Paradise fair-spoken  
By every tongue. My valor did not bow  
For toil nor thirst. I have borne all till now.

When under sun and rain my gay suit rotted  
Upon me, this young Indian whom my soul  
Claimed for a brother, from the wild vines knotted  
Girdle of leaves. Like to a palace bowl  
Was the gourd from which we drank to our far goal.

Slender he was and straight as any arrow  
Of his Peru, which has such bitter cause,  
Trampled in blood, to curse the name Pizarro.  
But faithful was his friendship through all flaws  
Of fortune, riveted by spirit laws.

I would not, like Francisco, play the tyrant  
To gentle folk and desolate their peace;  
Yet what conquistador but is aspirant



For treasure? So, as humoring a caprice,  
He brought me mantles woven from llamas' fleece;

And emerald clasp and pearl-enfrosted vessel,  
Gold-garnished feathers one might almost deem  
Rays of the Sun he worshipped; then would nestle  
Against my shoulder till proud Spain would seem  
To drift away into a drowsy dream.

I would give the slaughtered Inca's crimson tassel  
Francisco flung me with a rough contempt  
Of its ravished royalty, would crave no castle  
Richer than our reed huts in swamps unkempt,  
Could I dream now as then with him I dreamt.

Eating our horses and our hounds I sickened;  
My flesh was torn by jungle thorns; fast died  
Our famished Indians; disasters thickened;  
He made me broth of herbs and roots, applied  
Balm to my hurts, was ever by my side.

Sweet forests cover us, large-leaved like laurel,  
With clustering fruit. The frantic Amazon  
That whirled our pinnaces foregoes its quarrel,  
Casting us with a crash like laughter on  
Our end of search, the Land of Cinnamon.

I have borne all till now without a token  
Of weakness, unassailable by fears.  
But O my friend, my friend! My strength is broken.  
Of my brown multitude the wreckage peers  
With startled eyes upon a Spaniard's tears.





And in Bermuda's foam surveyed  
A tawny giant merman wade,  
While the Redriff bells were swinging  
Wide in their Christmas dance.

The Redriff bells were flinging  
Their silvery notes afar,  
But further than bells had ever gone  
In a forest depth his dream flowed on,  
A forest where poisoned arrows flew,  
Fronds too close for the prick of star,  
Where the day like the gleam in an emerald shone.  
He shuddered with dread of the shaken spray  
Lest a lurking leopard leap on its prey,  
While the Redriff bells were flinging  
Their silvery notes afar.

The Redriff bells were stinging  
His frozen heart with pain,  
For so in the great Giralda reeled  
The bells o'er Seville, crashed and pealed,  
While English heretics were burned.  
He smelled their crackling flesh again,  
John Gilbert, Barret, friends long sealed,  
Two blazing torches, mocked and spurned  
By that fierce throng. Old anguish yearned,  
For Redriff bells were stinging  
His frozen heart with pain.

The Redriff bells were springing  
As young hands tugged the ropes,  
But his old palms were calloused sore  
With twelve years at the galley oar.  
Cold, hunger, stripes, all bitterness



To break their manhood, crush their hopes,  
Toiling slaves chained four and four.  
For him, worn out, that last duress,  
"Everlasting prison remediless."  
The Redriff bells were springing  
As young hands tugged the ropes.

The Redriff bells were bringing  
Their tidings of great joy,  
When up the wondering village street  
Walked a living ghost, whom none dared greet,  
A ghost from the Inquisition cells.  
None knew the powder-maker's boy;  
And he, who had longed with every beat  
Of his heart for home, still bound in spells  
Saw not the spire nor heard the bells,  
The bells of Redriff bringing  
Their tidings of great joy.

## *The Powder-Boy of the Primrose*

SLAIN by a silver bullet!  
 We beat the Spaniards off  
 And fled their treacherous port, but the ship's glee,  
 Our powder-boy,  
 All laughter, whistle, quip and scoff,  
 We cast at sunset, like a broken toy,  
 Into the rolling vastity of sea.

Slain by a silver bullet!  
 Would the Indies mock him so,  
 Our vaunting Jack-a-Dreams, all fancy-gay,  
 He who would bring  
 The jewels of the Dons to overflow  
 His mother's lap and claim a pardoning  
 Cascade of kisses for her runaway!

Slain by a silver bullet!  
 To see that small wag strut,  
 A feather flaunting in his grimy cap,  
 Face like a rose  
 Of Devon under all the powder-smut,  
 Sniffing the weather with a sapient nose,  
 The only mariner upon the map!

Slain by a silver bullet!  
 There was no time to doff  
 His draggled plume to death, no time to know  
 What hornet had  
 Stung laughter, whistle, quip and scoff  
 To silence. Take your treasure with you, lad,  
 Our least Adventurer of Westward Ho.



## *The Treasure of Cape Cod*

'T WAS autumn of The Wonderful Year, the year  
when Queen Bess died,

That a stout little ship came sailing up on the Avon tide  
Into the heart of Bristol. The bells began to peal

As if their saints, St. Stephen, St. Augustine, St. John, Even St. Mary Redcliffe were prancing at the ropes.

Prentices, aldermen, mothers' maids were running either side  
The river, racing with the sallow leaves blown madly on.  
Glad voices greeted mariners, who kissed their hands to  
shore,

Flourishing caps and faded scarves, while, answering the  
 roar

Of welcome, their young Captain, his face beat

With faith that wildest hopes

Would find fulfillment in his laden keel,

Those spicy shrubs with power all hurt to heal,

Stood on the poop in pride.

"Home we come!" "Where from?" "The Virgin World."

"All hail,

Martin Pring! what d'ye bring?" "A cure for every ail."

Oh, Dolphin Street and Guinea Street were stuffed with scampering folk;

The popinjay's fawn doublet brushed the beldam's crimson cloak.

Urchins, whose rosy cheeks were all a-bulge with stolen plums,

Came pelting down from Castle Green by St. Peter's and  
Mary-le-port,

While gaffers hobbled along Cheese Lane and a duchess tripped in her laces.

In the abbey's ancient burial field the sturdy dead awoke

And heaved the turf—so gossips tell—fain to partake the sport.

They say the ghost of Cabot went flashing up the quay,  
The flaming Admiral arrayed in silks of Italy.

From the gables of old mansions peered, like glimmerings  
of smoke,

Bristol's forgotten faces.

What wealth, what glory comes!

Through crash of cannon and tattoo of drums

Exultant voices broke:

“Home we come!” “Where from?” “A cape where shoals  
of cod

Choke up the bay.” “Hooray! hooray!” “And from forests  
blest of God.”

Men were shouting down from Christmas Steps and from  
every roof and hill:

“Have ye found The Seven Cities and The Island of  
Brazil?”

“No rubies? pearls?” John Whiston gasped, his Honor all  
a-puff

In the front of the Merchant Venturers. “No quoits of solid  
gold?

For all our cost ye bring us back only some fragrant trees?”

The Captain of the Speedwell flushed, as three-and-twenty  
will,

Taking, like pepper in the nose, the Mayor's words in snuff.

“There is no fever known to flesh, no ache in court or  
cottage,

That is not banished by these leaves boiled to a savory  
pottage;

By baths in water where the bark was steeped is death  
defied.”

“Forsooth it shall be sold



At a great price, five shillings to the pound,"  
Swore Whiston, while the wondrous news went round  
Folk need no more be ill.

"Home we come!" "Where from?" "Where marvels grow  
like grass."

"What d'ye bring, Captain Pring?" "A load of sassafras."

# On the Gold Coasts

"We gave the tragedie of Hamlett."

AY, we were there at the last,  
What tempest and fever had left,  
For our consort capsized in the blast  
That shivered our sail as a web  
Of the gossamer; ay, we were there,  
Wan, scurvy-bit bodies a score,  
And souls as cloudy with care  
As Hamlet's at Elsinore.

On those dazzling stretches of sand  
The sick fell into a chafe,  
For their thoughts sought home to the land  
Of shadow and rain. "Vouchsafe,  
Sweet Will, that thy spells outwear  
Their dolor, as oft before."  
And my sea-gown I girded fair  
For Hamlet at Elsinore.

Our ghost he was lean at the best,  
And his kingship keen for the wine,  
But Ophelia's taffeta vest  
Bore blazon of tar and brine.  
Tressed she her sailor hair  
With weed from the ocean floor,  
And tuned on that savage air  
Old snatches of Elsinore.

By the clear of the moon we played,  
Till the lads unfretted their brows,  
Comforted as with the shade



Of beeches, where red kine drows  
In the English lanes. Was still  
A flagon of ale—no more—  
And we drained it to Gentle Will,  
And to Hamlet of Elsinore.



Months at sea, while the billows roared,  
And the Milky Way not a cupful poured;  
No wonder Tabby looked over-bored.

You had your feelin's, as felines go,  
Poor little puss. What scared you so?  
O stupid sailors that didn't know!

Was it a dogfish struck the spark  
From your sea-green eyes with the quaint remark  
That you were sailing upon a bark?

Millions of happy pussies fall  
Into oblivion; still you call  
From the top of your ancient cater-wall,

Call on the centuries to concur  
In praise of Tabby the Mariner,  
Who discovered the Catskills, named for her.

## *The Land of Comfort*

“The indications here given are scarcely sufficient to identify the locality with any certainty.”

SOME fivescore leagues beyond Cape Flyaway,  
 Past the Peninsula of Wizard's Wand,  
 Between the Burning Hill and Bitter Bay,  
 It lies beyond.

Beyond Point Froward of the foaming tides,  
 Under the pallors of the Polar Star,  
 Beyond Reef Desolation it abides  
 Afar.

Hard by the headland of God's-Mercy Haven,  
 Amid the bergs of pearl and diamond,  
 No further than the flight of a white raven  
 But still beyond.





## *The Colonists*

*"All Life is but a wandering to find home."*

—DEKKER

## *Farewell to England*

*NO* more to sleep under the fragrant thatch  
Of the grey stone cottage where throstles nest,  
For ever a hand would lift the latch  
And a wind would whisper out of the west.  
Over the vast of lonely sea  
To a savage shore without spire or bell!  
Ah, it's bewildered our hearts will be!  
England, farewell, farewell!

*No* more to be heaping the harvest wains  
In the wise old fields with their golden drift.  
Like shadows we pass from the hawthorn lanes.  
The tide is calling; the anchors lift.  
Longing shall last while ivy is green;  
Home is here wheresoever we dwell.  
Glimmering shores no more to be seen,  
England, England, farewell!

*Rose Standish*

SOFTLY into death she slips  
From the January cold,  
The first this wolfish winter robs  
From our frail Plymouth fold,  
While, shaken by the rending sobs  
Of manhood, over those white lips  
Her husband bows his head for one  
Last word from her whose words are done.

Not for her the solemn tone  
Of chant, the slow procession through  
Sacred aisle and sculptured gate  
Down churchyard paths of sombre yew ;  
But she has not long to wait  
In the wilderness alone,  
Rose of Plymouth, o'er whose sleep  
Seven and twenty women weep.

Weep not only for your rose,  
Broken on the slender stem,  
Pilgrim Women! Pines and firs  
Shall not cease from requiem  
Till this quietness of hers  
Trance twice seven more of those  
Goodwives come so far to fill  
Frozen graves on Burial Hill.

Weep not only for yourselves,  
Weep for twice your count of men  
Dying, dying, till but few  
Bear the dead and yet again  
Boughs of spruce and hemlock strew,



While the blunted shovel delves  
Shallow beds, and pagan air  
Drinks the unfamiliar prayer.

Frost-slain Rose! Not ivied tower  
Shall with Christian shadow brood  
You and these swift followers,  
Yet no less beatitude  
Soothes your sleep as April stirs  
Sap of tree and seed of flower.  
Beauty consecrates the sod,  
Holy Beauty, House of God.

## *In Plymouth Plantation*

ALL day the furious wind had been in search  
 Through clumps of cedar for wee, shivering things,  
 Those tiny lives that, hid in fur and wings,  
 As by a miracle endure the frost;  
 Muffled in glooms as gray  
 As a dead hope the upper blue was lost.  
 Snow-drifted bushes froze in many a mold,  
 Fantastic, cursing witches, steepled church,  
 Crouched Indian with an arrow poised for flight.  
 The sun since dawn  
 Had been a runaway;  
 But suddenly the early night  
 Came with a rush of color through the cold,  
 Lusters and sheens and glories manifold.  
 Every black oak with every perching crow  
 Stood etched against that great horizon glow,  
 Rose deepening to carmine, amber, fawn.  
 All the hoar-ghosted forest glinted bright  
 As ivory, and like a silver lawn  
 Sparkled the fields. In its rude palisade  
 The little fold  
 Of huddled cabins glistened strangely white,  
 Like spirits unafraid.

One sombre figure, leaning on his axe,  
 The fagot heavy on his shoulder, turned  
 To face the west, and ashen courage burned  
 Again to that enraptured faith of yore.  
 Under the snow lay deep  
 Nigh half of those adventurers five score  
 The wondering Mayflower brought across the waves.  
 All day his heart had envied those still graves,



But with the sullen patience that outbraves  
Despair, his hand had labored at its task;  
And now his spirit freshened as from flask  
Of ruby wine. The God who had sustained  
The pilgrim remnant through all bitter stress  
Of suffering, the God who had ordained  
That this weak, broken group should be a seed  
Whose harvest laves  
The sunset, yet would succor, yet would save  
His flock in their sore need.

## *The Thunderstorm*

**T**HERE was no stir among the listening trees  
 Whose leaves were motionless  
 As carved in beryl,  
 Save for the flutter of the moths, soft tease  
 Of that strange stillness. Then the black sky broke  
 In blinding rain, a warning of the peril  
 That crashed and dazzled, shattered pine and oak,  
 Wrapt all the forest in a sheet of flame,  
 Roaring away  
 Over the ocean. 'Twas a storm that cleft  
 The red man's heart with mystery and left  
 Astonishment upon the Pilgrim folk,  
 Who in a blank distress  
 With staring faces wondered why they came  
 Across the monstrous deep to live, bereft  
 Of sweet home comforts and the fair array  
 Of streets and spires, in a fierce wilderness  
 Where Satan lurked and played his lurid game.

But Mistress Brewster, who had flung her arms  
 About her precious boys,  
 Her Love and Wrestling,  
 Soon let them free to scoff at the alarms  
 Of the pale maidens. Baby Peregrine  
 Waved dimpled fists and crowed, undaunted nestling,  
 Until grave Edward Winslow caught the wean  
 From that Dutch cradle Plymouth treasures yet  
 And tossed him high.  
 Damaris Hopkins, little wild-briar rose,  
 Ran to the woods before the psalm was done  
 To scrutinize her toys  
 Hid in a mossy stump, her cabinet



Of acorn saucers, clamshell plates, and one  
 Poor corncob dolly. So their simple joys  
 Revived, while God smiled on them from a sky  
 Blue as their first New England violet.

*Welcome of the First Pil-  
grims to the English  
Pilgrimage of 1928*

OUR memories greet you, memories that ghost  
This town of Plymouth, very palimpsest  
Beneath whose stately streets are manifest  
Rude cabins palisaded 'gainst the host  
Of forest Indians, pathway from the coast  
Climbing to Burial Hill, on whose brave crest  
Glowered our little fort. Deep is our rest  
Here where we suffered to the uttermost.

Our spirit greets you, our adventurous heart  
Of courage acorned from the English oak;  
Our spirit, not as antique pilgrim wraith  
But your own spirit's living counterpart;  
You hearken the celestial Voice that spoke  
To us; our freedom greets you and our faith.

## *Indian Bearers*

### I

*White was the world as a winding-sheet  
The day we buried Parson Treat.*

SUNDAY it was as the new days go,  
That there fell the first of The Great March Snow.  
We marvelled that God chose His holy morn  
To empty the grains from His hunting-horn,  
Powdering all the soft Cape air.  
Deep was the horn He emptied there.  
A day and a night came down the snow  
Light and idle as feathers blow.  
A night and a day it fleeted and flew  
Like a swarm of white bees escaped from the blue,  
Globing the cabins and furring the trees.  
Then the spray on the cliffs set in to freeze,  
And keen as arrows, the angry flakes  
Whirled wild as the foam when a spring-tide breaks.  
Few, thereafter, had craft to tell  
When the morning rose and the even fell,  
For the skies gloomed mightily; surges tore  
Ancient rocks from the shrieking shore;  
Tall red cedars were snapt in the gripe  
Of the wind, as a foeman snaps the pipe  
That shall puff no longer the smoke of peace.  
Men had forgotten that storm could cease,  
When the sun looked out through diamond sleet  
On a world as white as a winding sheet.



When we shut our eyes for the white man's prayer  
 Our friend had taught us, we saw it yet.  
 It stung our eyes till our eyes were wet.

### III

*It was love of him that held us tame  
 When every leaf whispered King Philip's name.*

Long ago, when the heads now hoar  
 Slept in their mother's necks, our shore  
 Was sold to the palefaces; long ago  
 Were set the bounds where our fires might glow.  
 They came from Plymouth, the stern chiefs seven,  
 Friends of the terrible God of Heaven,  
 Came for the woods where we loved to rove,  
 For our eight fresh ponds and our shellfish cove.  
 They bought Namskaket of Mettaquason;  
 From our sachem of Nauset his all they won  
 Save the width of a cornfield out on the Neck  
 That the great waves beat and the soft foams fleck.  
 But we longed for the hunt as we plied the tillage;  
 Caged wolves were we in our Indian village.  
 Ever the spring wind called to our blood,  
 And our longings surged like the tide in flood;  
 But level or upland, sunny or dim,  
 The paleface deemed it was made for him.  
 Wheresoever we found a hill,  
 He set the sea-wind tending his mill.  
 If we cut the pine-knots to make us tar,  
 Or dug us clams where the beach stretched far,  
 It was trespass against the settlement law.  
 We were as the mouse in the white owl's claw.





Out of the warwhoop into the hymn ;  
The redman's muscles were made of steel  
To chase the game and not to kneel ;  
Better the war plumes in our hair  
Than the trickle of holy water there ;  
Yet we harkened the words our father spoke  
And bowed our necks to the White God's yoke.

Oft have we stood at the meeting-house door  
When the Parson's voice would the seas out-roar,  
While the Cape children, lulled by stormy sounds,  
Would sleep till the tithing-man went his rounds.  
'Twas a wonder to hear our father shout  
As he hammered the White God's anger out.  
Yet in every wigwam his voice was sweet ;  
The papooses nestled between his feet ;  
And ever he soothed the sullen brave,  
And the railing squaw with a smile forgave ;  
As soon as he saw her black eyes flash,  
He would tease for a taste of her succotash.

The villages blithened when he came ;  
We hung the kettle and fanned the flame.  
Ten mile afoot through the deepening sand  
Makes a hungry guest ; then the hearty hand  
He would strike in ours, while from chest so stout  
Ever the big laugh rumbled out.  
Reading and writing he taught our young,  
While he learned of our elders the Nauset tongue.  
In the meeting-house that was twenty feet square,  
Thatched and loop-holed, he taught us prayer.  
He would bring the wild grapes of Monomoyick  
All the way to Truro's sick ;  
In Sawkatucket he used to praise

First their faith and then their maize.  
 From Pochet down to Provincetown tip,  
 Where first was seen the great winged ship,  
 He would trudge to strengthen a soul for flight;  
 He loved the red as he loved the white.

But oft in our villages while we heard  
 Our father thunder the awful word,  
 Our hearts were stirred by a longing dim  
 That the fierce White God were like to him.  
 Vessels of wrath we were, boomed he;  
 God would torment our souls with glee;  
 Laugh at the helpless that cried for aid;  
 Mock the coward that cringed afraid;  
 Much as our sires, I ween, would make  
 Their mirth of a captive burned at the stake.  
 So sinners, he said, God like briers would cast  
 Into a fire that ever should last;  
 He would make them the butt of His arrows; the weight  
 Would be heavy on them of His endless hate;  
 His heart to their groans would be harder than flint;  
 His fury would never know pause nor stint;  
 Not as a man would He meet His foe,  
 But deal him an omnipotent blow.  
 At times he would preach of a land of love,  
 But left us in scanty hope thereof,  
 For from Roger Williams the word had crossed  
 That probably Indians all were lost.

As the White God would, it hath come to pass  
 Our spears are blunted; our minds—alas!—  
 Are all confused between wrong and right.  
 We loved our father; we would not fight  
 Against his people, not we, his band



Of praying Indians, though the sand  
Was hot with messengers, though there came  
On a stormy wind King Philip's name.

## IV

*Sons and daughters had wept and gone.  
On a rough new mound the sunset shone.*

Our sorrow was full of undercries.  
We lifted our looks to the glowing skies,  
To the beautiful sun that gleamed so red,  
The sun our fathers worshipèd;  
For the sun rose to us and to us set  
Ere ever the paleface came to fret  
Our woods with his axe and our hearts with his law;  
Good was the world that our fathers saw.  
For them their God made the starlight burn,  
Sowed for their covert the wild sweet-fern;  
When in heavy sands tired feet would sink,  
He breathed upon them from Mayflowers pink.  
But the white man's God was a foe to ours  
Who grieved as the rain for the broken flowers,  
But trembled like rain in the blow of the wind.  
Were our fathers granted their God to find  
In the Happy Hunting Grounds green and free  
Where they wander safe by a wider sea,  
Too wide for the white-winged ships to cross?  
Do they lie in the moonlight on red-cupped moss  
And husk the corn with laughter and tale,  
Or doth the strong White God prevail?  
There, as here, doth His haughty frown  
Look strange on the Red God and face him down?

We were of the best in bookman's wit,  
 And read the sermons the Parson writ  
 In a hamlet here or a hamlet there,  
 To the white man's God prayed the white man's prayer;  
 But our people wilted like corn in drought;  
 They perished like fish when the tide is out.  
 Our store of simples availed no whit,  
 Nor the white man's leech could benefit  
 The redman's ill; and our father sighed  
 By the deerskin beds where his converts died  
 And still, bewildered and strangely sick,  
 We die in Meesham and Monomoyick.  
 We die as the autumn leaves are shed  
 From the oaken boughs, poor tribes of red.  
 The long sky-river our last look views  
 Is crowded bright with our star-canoes.  
 We know no more than the mown beach grass  
 Or the broken sprays of the sassafras  
 Why we are cut from the white man's path,  
 How we have vexed his God of Wrath.  
 Our father told of One far away  
 In some unseen land, on some bygone day,  
 Who cured the sick; it may be thus;  
 No hands of healing are laid on us.  
 Strong is the race of the great White God,  
 But ours has come to its period.  
 Our wigwams shall vanish from these our lands;  
 Our paths be lost in the blowing sands;  
 Our tragedy hidden in time's dim blur,  
 And only a name be remembrancer  
 That the Red God once had a people here.

Will they not miss us, the fox and deer?  
 Will not cedar and juniper



Murmur together of days that were?  
Will the paleface care, as we, for these  
Soft whirrs of wings, and fragrances,  
Wraiths of cloud that go drifting by  
In the pearly-misted undersky,  
Blush of the brier-rose when it peeps  
From tangle of green where a nestling cheeps,  
Golden stems through the April land,  
And tawny Autumn's enkindling brand?  
We have heaped the earth in the Parson's grave;  
We have given him love for the love he gave;  
We have prayed the prayers that he bade us pray;  
Now we reach our arms to the God of Day.  
Our hearts are bitter and clamorous.  
Red Sun, Red God, O comfort us!

## *The Haunted Minister*

THE steeple still points from sands aglow  
 With the roses of old Cape Cod,  
 Where a handful of fisherfolk, long ago,  
 Called them a man of God;  
 And their handgrip, rough from the fierce harpoon,  
 Was the heartier that he came  
 A youth in his blushing honeymoon,  
 On his arm a fairy dame.

Never so frolic a minister's wife  
 Sat in a Puritan pew,  
 But the people bloomed into fairer life  
 While her year of queendom flew;  
 Then fell sorrow, like snow in May;  
 Those rose-lips paled to pearl;  
 Not for her husband might she stay;  
 Not for her baby-girl.

The minister's chestnut hair turned white,  
 And his young, young heart went wild.  
 He could not bear the torturing sight  
 Of that fatal, motherless child.  
 He shuddered the babe from his priestly arm  
 In the very christening,  
 So that the wee back came to harm,  
 And she grew a twisted thing.

He hated her more for her body's disgrace,  
 If more his hate could be,  
 But her mother's blue eyes in her elfin face  
 Laughed with her mother's glee;  
 Till at last, when the child, in a rosebud wreath,

Danced out to meet him so,  
Flouting his anger in the teeth,  
He slew her with one mad blow.

*The morning through, in a sky deep-blue,  
Sailed clouds all lily-white,  
And as eve drew nigh, on a strange white sky  
Blue clouds forewent the night;  
But he dared not lift his eyes to the drift  
Of that beauty calm and sweet,  
Lest the heavens should turn to the flames that burn  
About God's Judgment-Seat.*

No voice accused him as, faint of soul,  
He followed the tiny bier;  
And his lifetime wore from dole to dole,  
A lonely man, austere,  
With what the Cape called the pulpit-gift,  
For with terrible tone and stare  
He would picture the day when veils should lift  
And the sinner's heart lie bare.

His prayers in church seemed to beat at the bars  
Of mercy and shake the Throne;  
But he could not pray 'neath the midnight stars,  
He could only crouch and moan.  
No man accused him, but Nature knew  
That ancient mark of Cain.  
All waves that flashed and all wings that flew  
Remembered their playmate slain.

From the hour the song-sparrow's little brown breast  
Poured its seraph praise to the dawn,  
Till after the robins had gone to rest,

One dream-note luting on,  
 He stopped his ears to the lyric flood  
 Of jubilant April sound,  
 For fear he should hear the innocent blood  
 That called to him from the ground.

Ever his agony quickened with spring,  
 With the scuds of silver rain,  
 With the climbing suns, and the blossoming,  
 Till a fire was in his brain;  
 But the fragrant, pitiless season grew  
 To June, as a tide inflows,  
 Till all the dooryards were myrtle-blue,  
 And the waysides pink with rose.

*Blue eyes, amazed, from the myrtle gazed,  
 For whithersoever he went  
 In his path would be, would pluck at his knee  
 A rosebush seawind-bent,  
 Misshapen, sweet, and his furious feet  
 Would trample its blooms apart,  
 But still it smiled, like a murdered child,  
 And its thorns were in his heart.*

## *The Slave's Escape*

WHITE lightnings shuddered up the sky,  
 The thunder groaned afar,—  
 Groaned like some wounded deity  
 Of elemental war;

And Pomp, the slave that Deacon Brown  
 So boasted him to own,  
 The single slave in Truro town,  
 Gave echo to the groan.

The wildest of the poor snared flock  
 Of "Guinea blackbirds" whom  
 Beau Flash had brought to Plymouth Rock,  
 He would not bear his doom.

The vastity of waters bound  
 His spirit like a chain;  
 His soul was maddened by the sound  
 Of that far-sundering main.

They could not gentle him with prayer,  
 Nor holy lore impart,  
 Such jets of anguish and despair  
 Burst from his smothering heart.

Cuffee of Barnstable would sit  
 The sermon out in dreams  
 Of rainbow-colored birds that flit  
 Above the Congo streams;

And Dinah's master from her sin  
 Had saved her ere he sold,

And into Bibles for his kin  
Put Dinah's price in gold.

But Pomp was as untamable  
As jungle lion; he  
Would war against the Christian spell  
With Pagan sorcery.

And now the thunder and the flame  
Were calling him away.  
The spirit's craving overcame  
All terrors of the clay.

That dazzle in his brain was hope.  
He snatched a loaf of bread,  
A jug of water, coil of rope,  
And like a shadow fled,

—Fled to his savage gods of storm  
At revel in the air,  
Swart demons grim and multi-form  
That gave him welcome there.

Still stands the stump of that sad tree  
Whence a Cape Cod pilgrim went  
From bondage forth to liberty,  
And home from banishment.



## *Sarah Threeneedles*

*Boston, 1698*

**B**Y the grim grace of the Puritans she had been brought  
 Into their frigid meeting-house to list  
 Her funeral sermon before the rope ran taut.  
*Soft neck that he had kissed!*

Through the narrow window her dazed blue eyes could see  
 The rope. Like a glittering icicle it hung  
 From the hoar cross-beam of the horrible gallows-tree.  
*His arms about her flung!*

Two captive Indians and one Guinea slave,  
 Hating at heart the merciless white God,  
 In the stubborn ground were hacking her shallow grave.  
*Sweet April path they trod!*

Her shivering neighbors thrilled to the fierce discourse  
 Of the minister, who thundered the dire sting  
 Of a sinner's death till his vehement voice went hoarse.  
*She heard love's whispering.*

And still she stood while the frozen communion bread,  
 That the preacher broke ere he poured the chilly wine,  
 Rattling into the plates, her judges fed.  
*Her food was more divine.*

# *E p i t o m e*

A LONELY burial-ground is on Cape Cod.  
 Claiming the privilege of age, each stone  
 Leans as it will, its scarred front overflown  
 With winged cherubic head. By grace of God,  
 Fulfilled in nature's gentle period,  
 All ghastly blazonry of skull and bone,  
 Muffled in moss and lichen-overgrown  
 Hath made its peace with beauty. Seldom trod  
 Those grasses are, where, ghosts of old regret,  
 Once-tended vines run wild, but should a guest  
 Stoop there, this weathered epitaph to trace,  
 'Twill whisper him of all the human race.  
 Here lies, beneath a heartsease coverlet,  
 "Patience, wife of Experience," at rest.



# *The Revolution*

*"Of highest hope and hardest attempting."*

—MILTON



## *Dawn at Lexington\**

*Above the town of Lexington  
The moon was paler than  
Her wont that April night.*

**A** STEALTHY tramping through the dark,  
A menace drawing nigh,  
But flitting figures peer and hark,  
And speed the signal cry:  
"The British are coming. Arm!"  
A peal from the belfry; then  
The throb of drum, the wild alarm,  
While from village home and fringing farm  
Flock in the minute-men.

Already the parsonage windows glint,  
For Paul Revere and Dawes  
With hooves of galloping horses dint  
The turf, rein up, a pause  
Till the warning word is said:  
Then for Concord on they race,  
While Hancock, a price on his comely head,  
And old Sam Adams are quickly led  
Through the woods to a hiding-place.

*With those rebels hunted from Lexington  
Dorothy Quincy ran,  
Cheering her lover's plight.*

\* Read by Miss Bates at Exercises in Commemoration of the 150th Anniversary of The Battle of Lexington. Town Hall, Lexington, April 19, 1925.

And many gray shadows in those whist hours  
 Of the waning moon slip through  
 Dim lanes and across vague fields whose flowers  
 Slumber beneath their dew,  
 Till beside the House of Prayer,  
 Whither one and another runs  
 For the powder and shot secreted there  
 In its old slave gallery, stands a fair  
 Muster of sires and sons.

Captain John Parker, a fowling-piece  
 On shoulder, aligns that band  
 Of neighbors, uniformed at caprice,  
 But each with resolute hand  
 Gripping musket, across the Green,  
 Seventy-seven to block  
 The path of four hundred, yet serene  
 His face, undauntable his mien,  
 Biding the battle-shock.

*In the budding trees of Lexington  
 The birds their chant began  
 Before the east was white.*

But who may heed the tender call  
 Of the bluebird? For from out  
 The windows of those homes so small,  
 So dear, clustered about  
 The Green, child-faces peep  
 Pink as the peachtree sprays  
 With drowsy wonder, women keep  
 Watch too intense for eyes to weep,  
 While love in anguish prays.

Oh, who may hear the robin's trill?  
 For volleys rend the air.  
 In his daughter's view Monroe lies still,  
 Blood on his silver hair.  
 Jonathan Harrington reels  
 Toward the door whence his wife has run  
 Only to clasp him as he feels  
 Death's closer clasp. And silence seals  
 Five more ere rise of sun.

*Their names are carved in Lexington  
 For reverent eyes to scan,  
 The Fallen of the Fight.*

With proud huzzas the Redcoats take  
 The Concord road and leave  
 The dead who see no morning break  
 Nor hear their widows grieve;  
 The wounded, not alone  
 White patriots, but a slave,  
 Prince Estabrook of jungle throne,  
 Who for a freedom not his own  
 His blood that morning gave.

Daybreak, as if doors of gold  
 Had been flung wide in Heaven  
 To welcome from that crimsoned mold  
 The spirits of those seven,  
 Our homespun heroes, prone  
 Mid bruised anemone  
 And violet on the Common known





Henceforth as holy ground, our own  
Valiant Thermopylae.

*O dawn that rose on Lexington,  
New liberties for man,  
Flooding the world with light!*

## *Splendid Isolation*

O H, but my husband, Matthew,  
 Was a slip from a crab apple tree!  
 Laughed when we women would punish  
 King George by giving up tea!  
 (How I missed my cup of Bohea!)  
 "So I have my sling in the morning,  
 My blackstrap at noon," said he,  
 "And my toddy at night, you'll not see me fight  
 For the sake of a swallow of tea.  
*What does it matter to me?"*

The neighbors pointed the finger,  
 But he only chuckled to see.  
 Not even with Parson Jonas Clarke  
 Would my contrary man agree.  
 When Parson thundered against the Five  
 Intolerable Acts  
 Till the meeting-house hummed like an angry hive,  
 Matthew would mutter: "I'm still alive,  
 And my arms and legs are free.  
*What does it matter to me?"*

That Tuesday I had been brewing  
 A fresh lot of beer for the flip  
 That Matthew will gulp by the mugful,  
 While of tea I have never a sip.  
 (But we've got King George on the hip!)  
 I'd been baking and sanding and scouring,  
 So I lighted a tallow dip  
 Tired bones to balm with a blessed psalm,  
 When a knock sent Rhoda, our slip  
 Of a lass, to the door with a skip.

But her face that had been so rosy  
 —And all for a lad in his teens—  
 Went white as she saw three strangers stand,  
 Their cloaks drawn close for screens.  
 A whisk of wind, and the moonlight showed  
 Flecks of the hated red.  
 Without a word those tall shapes strode  
 To our great brick oven; they stole its load  
 And back into darkness fled  
 With our supper of beans and brown bread.

The lobsters! I hope their noses  
 Were burned on the beanpot rim.  
 Home came my hungry Matthew,  
 His mouth uncommonly grim  
 As I told my tale with a vim.  
 He stooped with the flickering candle  
 To that oven empty and dim,  
 Then rose and sprang where his flintlock hung,  
 A patriot up to the brim!  
*At last it mattered to him.*

*At Valley Forge*

*I DO not vouch for this tale I took,  
Here a scrap and there a shred,  
From the tattered leaves of an Orderly Book,  
A campfire diary, something read  
And something fancied. What is not fact  
May yet be faith. There's a certain tact  
In dealing with history. What, O what  
If I can't prove my incident true?  
Gentle reader, neither can you  
Prove it is not.*

Forested heights stood sentinel,  
Mount Misery, Mount Joy;  
Their earth-works, wrought by hard employ  
Of spade and pickaxe, rumple yet  
Sweet grassy slopes with parapet  
And casemate where old cannon dream,  
Assured that all is well  
By the laughter of that deep-grooved stream,  
Valley Creek, which ruled the clamor  
Of the smith's long-rusted hammer.

From the small stone house of young Isaac Potts,  
Miller and Quaker preacher,  
A tall, erect, cloaked figure came;  
Of stern yet gracious feature  
That face, unchanged for woe or weal,  
Quiet, quiet as the white-hot steel  
However the heart might flame.  
From the simple home of Isaac Potts,  
Pulpit of peace in days bygone,  
Headquarters then of Washington,

Our country's Crown of Patriots  
Among his soldiers came.

There with Valley Creek for base  
Lay triangular the space  
Of that martial city which sprang to view,  
Street and square and avenue,  
In a wintry fortnight. Washington  
Tented till the work was done  
And the huts for his homespuns all arrayed  
In ordered lines for each brigade.  
Building busily as beavers,  
Choppers, trimmers, haulers, heavers  
Had climbed the slippery ridges, swung  
Their ringing axes fast among  
Oaks and chestnuts, crashed them down,  
Lopped the branches leafless, brown,  
Emulous for the General's prizes;  
Rolled and dragged the roughhewn logs  
To songs so hoarse they woke the frogs  
From their mud-embedded slumber;  
Sawed the slabs and matched the lumber,  
Dovetailed ends and measured sizes,  
Cheering every six-foot wall  
As it stood symmetrical;  
Crevices were chinked with moss,  
Wooden chimneys lined with clay,  
Well-oiled paper pegged across  
Window-holes, till from the river  
Up the range it stretched away  
For a mile, to starve and shiver  
Till the spring, their cabin town  
Of a pitiful renown.

Still the soldiers, sorely pressed  
 By keen peril, knew no rest,  
 Delving in the frozen ground  
 Till their camp was fortified  
 By vallum, counterscarp and mound,  
 Bastion, breastwork, barricade,  
 Abatis and demilune.  
 Forts at either end eftsoon  
 With a steadfast watch surveyed  
 All the farm-flecked countryside  
 And the Philadelphia Road  
 Following as the Schuylkill flowed.

Only twenty miles away  
 Tories made the winter gay  
 For Howe and his jaunty officers  
 Scarlet as June tanagers.  
 Merry jests and gibes had they  
 For the rebels. Let them go,  
 Melting faster than the snow,  
 Hardly worth a British frown!  
 So the warriors of King George  
 Danced and diced and fed and flirted,  
 Spirits light as weather cocks,  
 Much delighted and diverted  
 As the starvelings who deserted  
 Brought the tale of Valley Forge.  
 Why take trouble to hunt down  
 In his earth the sly "Old Fox?"

*On Valley Forge the winter swooped  
 With frost and snow and sleet;  
 From the huts where half-clad men were grouped*

*By smoky fires, from every street  
Of that rude barrack city whooped  
The rueful chant: "No bread! no meat!"*

Little escaped the General's ken  
As he passed amid his perishing men,  
While meager hands saluted him  
And haggard cheeks would glow;  
Even eyes that had begun to dim  
Would flash once more  
As that firm tread  
Sounded on the crusted snow.  
He marked the stains that carpet bore,  
Those patterns of fresh red  
From a barefoot squad's unflinching drill.

Spectres flitting from hut to hut,  
Scantly scarved in a dingy shred  
Of blanket, straightened and stood stockstill,  
Letting the fierce wind whip and bite  
Their naked flesh, till out of sight  
He went, and they felt again the cut  
Of the blast. But under that tranquil look  
The stoutest heart in the army shook  
With grief for his lads who, scores on scores,  
Lying, dying, outside the doors  
Of the hospital cabins whose crowded floors  
Could spare them not even a paltry truss  
Of the squalid straw,  
Their frost-blackened limbs waiting the knife  
Of the hasty surgeon, last chance for life,  
Gazed up at him from those beds of ice,  
At him whose suffering soul they saw,

In dumb fidelity, even thus,—  
Freedom's accepted sacrifice.

In that strong, silent soul the pain  
Was matched by rage, for all in vain  
Had he pleaded with Congress, his laboring pen  
Spurred by passion, to send him stores,—  
A Congress that, shorn of its first great men,  
A blundering council of inepters,  
At Yorktown, eighty miles away,  
Sat disputing behind closed doors,  
Listening, day after wasted day,  
To his slanderers. Oh, feet that froze  
While all Rhode Island was knitting socks  
And Massachusetts was making boots!  
Oh, desperate need of food and clothes,  
Oatmeal, flour, molasses, fruits,  
Leggings, trousers, hunting-shirts,  
Blankets! "For God's sake, linen!" Rum,  
Medicines! Merciful Heaven, when  
Would those provisions so prayed for come?  
Provisions that waited, box on box,  
Barrel on barrel, along the routes;  
Hogsheads of meat that rotted away  
Where the teamsters, finding no purse to pay,  
Tumbled them out.

In sombre mood

The Commander-in-Chief by the Schuylkill  
stood.  
Defeat on defeat, cabal on cabal;  
Congress, fretful and critical,  
Demanding a vigorous winter campaign  
Of him with hardly two thousand men



Able to take the field! Again  
 Those sad, compassionate eyes looked out  
 On the desolate snowfields roundabout  
 Where frozen horses by hundreds lay,  
 Horses starved that the living ones  
 Had not strength to drag away,  
 Had not strength to shift the guns,  
 Should Howe attack.

His mouth was set,  
 He had broadened his shoulders to bear his load,  
 When a foreign voice gave jubilant hail,  
 A tall lad limped up the jagged road  
 And there before him smiled Lafayette,  
 Sweeping the snow with his new cocked hat  
 —He must be American even in that—,  
 While his ruffled red hair blew up in the gale  
 Like the flame of a Liberty torch.

“But your wound?”

“Well healed. A fortunate chance was mine  
 To mingle my blood at the Brandywine  
 With that of my glorious brothers-in-arms.  
 But I bring you warning of deeper harms  
 Than steel and bullet can deal”—how pale  
 Went the ardent face!—“for I have met  
 With serpents under the poppies—found,  
 By your pardon, Sire, plots among those  
 Who, claiming to be your friends, are foes  
 Worse than the Britons.”

“I note the web  
 Conway is weaving, but tell your tale.”

They spoke together like father and son,  
 The young French marquis and Washington.

“Though General Lee be false to me  
And jealous be General Gates,  
And though the heart of man is dust,  
Upon one general rests my trust  
In friendship that no venomous thrust  
Of malice violates.  
While waters run and skies are blue,  
Benedict Arnold will be true.”

Lafayette bowed with the debonair  
Grace of France: “May his weather be fair!  
This river whose name I cannot say  
Is icy now and the skies are gray.”

*That February afternoon  
The leaden stormclouds lay  
A pall on all the camp. Poltroon  
Was none, but what man may  
Bear the unbearable? The croon  
Wailed on: “No food! no clothes! no pay!”*

Mumping and sulking five soldiers sat  
    (Shiver and ache! shiver and ache!)  
Huddled into the fire like a witch’s cat,  
Ashes for cover and ashes for mat,  
One shirt to the five and ragged at that.  
    (The hearts of their mothers would break.)

Rhode Island boys of Varnum’s brigade,  
    Elijah, Obadiah,  
Ebenezer, Jehosaphat, Aaron,  
Names that nettled the Prussian baron  
Who called them all either Hans or Fritz;  
Twelve in December, but six had been laid  
To take their rest in unmarked pits,

And one was at drill on the Grand Parade,  
The drummer Nehemiah.

He swung the door on its wooden hinge,  
Knee-high Miah the drummer,  
Puffed out like a sir of consequence,  
For his little body was quite immense  
In a lilac dressing-gown mostly fringe,  
And his face brought in the summer.

The pallid mouth and the hollow eyes  
Kept smiling for smiling's sake.  
No weather-waft he, tossed to and fro  
As the winds of fortune might please to blow.  
His pluck out-whistled the winds. And so  
His hut-mates chaffed him in soldier wise,  
Forgetting to shiver and ache.

"Did Steuben praise your uniform?"  
"Cursed like a Jack-in-the-Box,  
But he had to allow 'twas a deal more warm  
And a shade more modest than our bare skins.  
I tore off the cuffs for moccasins.  
It goes round me twice. I maintain the holy  
Saints of Heaven are roly-poly.  
Blessings on Lady Knox!

But what have we got for supper?" "*What?*  
Dumplings and chicken pie."  
"Indian pudding just out of the pot."  
"Sausages." "Johnny-cake." "Doughnuts and cheese."  
"A mug of sweet cider to go with these,

Stirred with an iron sizzling hot  
To bubble and froth." "Roast apples, please."  
"Let up or Aaron will cry."

"Who wouldn't cry in this smoke?" he groaned,  
Aaron who seldom spake  
Save when his homesick heart waxed wroth.  
"Must men die for a bowlful of mutton broth?  
Nothing but water and firecake  
Flavored with ashes. O Lord! O Lord!  
I could sell my soul for a big beefsteak  
Crackling with fat." And with one accord  
To dolorous tune they all intoned:

"Water and firecake!"

"Our wood's nigh gone. I'm prodigious sick,"  
Elijah quietly said.

"Our fire is down to the last wet stick.  
We harnessed ourselves with a grapevine this noon  
—We've chewed it since to its last tough shred—  
And dragged in what windfalls we might, though for those  
With the bombardiers we came twice to blows.  
They claimed the hickories grew on their hill  
And, hard as their cannon, took our best.  
Our smouldering hearth has taken the rest,—  
Only one branch left for the night's long chill,  
But the longest night will be sped.  
We've done what we could. We'll be out of it soon.  
The luckiest are the dead."

Knee-high Miah with fingers numb  
Tugged at his cord and tassel.  
"You fellows snuggle under the gown  
Till back with supper and fuel I come."  
He threw the lilac wrapper down

With a laugh. "I'm warm enough drest in my drum."  
And off he stepped to the frolicsome  
Rub-a-dub-dub of *Roslin Castle*.

*From the wooded hillsides waking owls  
In mocking whoops repeat,  
While a famished boy through the darkness prowls,  
That mournful chant: "Nothing to eat!  
No bread! no beans! no meat!"*

On the morrow the Commander-in-Chief,  
His lady by his side,  
Sat at the trestle-table  
In his shed of a dining-hall.  
So scanty was the scrag of beef  
The Commissary could provide  
That only Hamilton,  
Stripling just turned of twenty, one  
The army already had learned to call  
Little Lion, whose dark, proud face  
Bore the sensitive Huguenot trace  
Of his mother, only he was able  
By dint of his mathematic wit,  
To carve from it  
Morsels for each and all.

They sat thirteen to honor the States,  
A seemly party all curls and queues,  
Epaulettes on faded coats,  
Silver buckles on broken shoes,  
Rag-tags and pomatum.  
The host with his high Virginian air  
Shed splendor on the frugal fare,  
As the November moonlight floats

Over a landscape bare.

Bowing across the scanty plates

Many a courteous word he bandied,

Many a stately postulatium,

With Mrs. Green and Mrs. Knox

Elegant in powdered locks.

"I fear these potatoes have been frozen,

And the turnips are not what we would have chosen

For guests so fair."

"Turnips do well enough if you grate 'em,"

Laughed swarthy Sullivan. "'Tis our boast

In New Hampshire not to go empty-handed

To a party, so, lacking jellies and jams,

I sent to your darky a mess of clams.

My brigade is luckier than most

—Poor fellows! poor fellows!—in having its post

By the river." Then, never to be outdone

In hall or field, must Dandy Wayne,

Gilt buttons tarnished on his cape,

His shabby uniform in vain

Brushed into holes, for day by day

He had given the rest of his clothes away

To his men, heart-wrung by their wretched lot,

Present, his keen eyes twinkling fun,

To little Lady Washington

A canvas bag of shot

As "Pennsylvania grape."

The foreign officers sat together,

Gentlemen unwont to blench,

Not enraptured by the weather

Nor the feast but far from censure,

Vowed to chivalrous adventure.

To see Pulaski with gallant mien  
Across that rough camp-table lean  
To the prattle of piquant Mrs. Green  
Whose dancing was lighter than her French!  
The gold lace on the valiant breast  
Of old De Kalb,—breast that should take  
Eleven wounds for our freedom's sake!  
Steuben, who had small English yet,  
His star of knighthood gleaming bright  
Among his medals, to left and right  
Bending with solemn etiquette  
Learned at the court of Frederick the Great!  
His first clam chowder he spooned with zest,  
As well he might, who from dusk to gloaming,  
While 'sleety blizzards whistled and blew,  
Had toiled like a demon the wild day through.  
In the thin of the dark at verge of dawn  
He had puffed one pipe while, twisting and combing,  
His quaking servant smartened his queue;  
Horsed at sunrise and with a will  
Till weary sunset hammering on  
The soldiery, striving to create  
An army out of that motley crew,  
Ill-armed, ill-trained, ill-welded bands,  
He had found with honor disguised as scorn,  
Daring death at Valley Forge.

Poising the musket and bayonet,  
 He gave the Valley its name anew,  
 For in that desolate, snowbound gorge  
 He forged the sword that won the war.  
 Beside him boyish Lafayette  
 Sat dreaming those high dreams of his,  
 He who so fervently had hurled  
 Himself into the stormy tide  
 Of our rebellion, left his bride  
 To bear his child alone, for he  
 First pledged his troth to Liberty,  
 Whose guiding voice unto him cried :  
 "The welfare of America is  
 The welfare of the world."

Alas! The company had dined  
 And still were hungry. Like a knell  
 Forks on empty plates were clanging;  
 Gloom on the assembly fell;  
 Even General Greene, the Fighting Quaker,  
 That Washington's great arm leaned upon,  
 Large and florid, an anchor-maker  
 In Potowomut, was low in mind;  
 "Three hundred more deserters gone!  
 And has your Excellency heard  
 Great Doctor Johnson has averred  
 We are a convict race and should  
 Give England humble gratitude  
 If we escape a hanging?"

"They saw the hand of Washington steal  
 To his stock but not to falter :  
 "This neck, gentlemen, does not feel  
 As if it were made for a halter."



And lo! the applauding murmur swelled  
 To a lusty shout as Billy Lee,  
 Gorgeous in scarlet livery,  
 Strutted in, for his arms upheld  
 A savory platter. With smile diffuse  
 From ear to ear and from mouth to eyes,  
 The negro flourished his surprise  
 Before his master. A roasted goose!

Who had doldrums then? Not General Knox;  
 Smacking his lips, he began to boast:

“Burke stands for us, firm as the rocks  
     Of our Atlantic coast;  
 And many a Whig has followed Fox  
 In wearing waistcoats of blue and buff,  
 As that wild young Coke of Norfolk, puff  
 Of vanity. Ay, 'tis said  
 That every night, when the wine is red  
 In his golden goblets and guests make mirth,  
 He rises and drinks a toast  
 Not, as by British custom done,  
 To the King, but to General Washington,  
     THE GREATEST MAN ON EARTH!”

Upspringing, sips of Mount Vernon wine  
 They drank to the Chief, to the Ladies, then  
 To Liberty, that vision divine  
 Forever calling the souls of men.

*Stretched on the Provost floor, disgraced,  
 His patriot ardor come to this,  
 All strife and suffering gone to waste,  
 A boy may long for his mother's kiss,*

*But from smarting eyes he winks the tears  
And whistles The March of the Pioneers.*

In his office, a room some twelve feet square,  
The Commander and Greene talked long and low,  
While Lady Washington slept in her chair,  
The ruddy firelight glow  
On her tiny hands, whose witchery  
Had wrought its dainty stitchery  
Into many a soldier shirt and vest,  
Hands too tired that night to sew,  
Hands that through the storm had borne  
Her basket of comforts to and fro,  
Seeking the cabins most forlorn,  
Hands that had earned an hour of rest.

“You went today to the Star Redoubt?”

“It was my duty; I saw them shot;  
But still more cowards go slinking out  
For all these grim examples.”

“Not

Cowards; too often men who came  
With home-made muskets that they aim  
With steady hand,  
But every Jack of them conceives  
Himself the general in command,  
Figures campaigns and scrawls his maps  
On summer sand or winter snow,  
And if the battles go  
Not as his soldiership had planned,  
Shoulders his gun,  
Tightens his straps,

Deplores the way this war is run  
And leaves."

"How can your Excellency speak  
So mildly of deserters?"

"Nay,

They are but men; their hearts wax weak  
Brooding on home, the untilled farms,  
The cattle without hay.  
Of late fresh Indian alarms  
Are drifting in from the frontier;  
In muttered words backwoodsmen talk  
Of scalping-knife and tomahawk,  
Their cabins reft of firearms  
Because our need has taken all.  
They are but men; maddened by fear  
For wife and child, they steal away,  
Deserters, who, if caught, must pay  
The penalty, must die,  
If only to appal  
Their tempted comrades."

With a sig!

He walked to the window and noted without  
A straight young sentry, standing—to wrap  
Bare feet from the snow—in his shabby cap.  
The boy saluted with eyes devout,  
While Washington, dropping the curtain, set  
His hand on the secret cabinet  
Fitted into the casement and from it drew  
The reports of the morning court martial.  
At his desk he passed them in review,  
Brows indented and lips compressed,  
Deliberate, impartial.  
Another Philadelphia spy

To be hanged ; another officer,  
 "Elevated with liquor on the Parade,"  
 Too much "disguised" to register  
 The roll-call, to be reprimanded ;  
 Floggings for soldiers who had bandied  
 Words with a colonel, had addressed  
 A chaplain with unseemly jest ;  
 A lieutenant who had pilfered from  
 Their waning medical stores the rum  
 So sorely needed to hold the breath  
 In freezing bodies at grips with death,  
 To be with ignominy drummed  
 Out of the army. So he thumbed  
 The papers through and slowly weighed  
 The sentences, approving all  
 Unto the last, but there he stayed.

"The drummer-boy you spoke for. But  
 His guilt is clear  
 On both the charges,—out of bounds and theft.  
 Son of a neighbor? First to volunteer  
 In Potowomut? Hardly more than a child  
 When he drummed the troops to Boston? Mother left  
 A widow with this only son? Tut, tut!  
 We are not shooting him. Ay, you have made  
 A case for the young scalawag, but, man,  
 Justice can do only what Justice can,  
 No more. Why, every culprit has a case,  
 But right and wrong may not be reconciled  
 By words. You know that ever since we hutted  
 At Valley Forge this thieving from the farms  
 Has hurt us with the Tories,—night alarms,  
 Pursuits, complaints. And out of bounds  
 Is next door to desertion. Zounds!



*The sentry at the Provost door  
Tossed him the tatterdemalion frock  
Of a teamster. The kindness warmed him more  
Than the rags. A fragment of firelock  
His groping fingers rejoiced to feel  
On the littered floor—a bit of steel.*

*O lucky find! for now, beneath  
The swish, swish, swish and the whack, whack, whack  
On that gobbet of steel he could grind his teeth  
Nor once cry out, though the flesh of his back  
Hung down in those stripes that ever sent  
A groan through the marshalled regiment.  
He had seen it so often,—seen strong men swoon  
Under the storm of strokes, and heard  
Brave soldiers scream.—What is that new tune  
They are singing in camp? His mouth was furred  
With fever, but shaking himself like a poodle  
He whistled away at Yankee Doodle.*

Lady Washington stirred in her sleep,  
And the generals' voices, grave and deep,  
Softened, but stiff was Washington's back.  
Greene's strategy soon to tender  
Relief and hope to the hard-pressed South,  
Decided against a frontal attack,  
While the tightening corners of his mouth  
Betokened no surrender.  
His blue eyes laughed on his stately friend:  
"My father flogged me once and it hurt,  
Though I had stuffed shingles under my shirt;  
But Quakers, who commonly gain their end,  
Have modes of their own. In Boston folk threw

Tea to the mermaids, who relished the brew  
 Better than patriots; in Providence we  
 Burned in the marketplace India tea,  
 An herb just found detrimental to health.  
 Three hundred pound were fetched to cremate.  
 Merchants came staggering under the weight  
 Of their chests, and husbands, bringing by stealth  
 Their wives' treasured caddies, tossed on the blaze  
 That solace of matrons. By many a road  
 Travellers came to the inn;  
 By coaxing as well as by goad  
 Cattle are driven. By various ways  
 Culprits are made into soldiers. This lad  
 Has tripped on the path, but the going was bad."

Unmoved as any mandarin  
 On a china plate,  
 The Commander sate,  
 Remarking: "Sir, the hour is late."

The Fighting Quaker settled him there  
 More solidly yet in his creaking chair;  
 "Your Excellency, I do not dare,  
 Being a coward, go home and face  
 My wife without your promise of grace  
 For our neighbor's boy."

"Weightier cares should our minds employ.  
 As a partner in the minuet  
 Mrs. Greene is a paragon, but let  
 Us carry on war like men. Your drummer  
 Is not the only wretch to be  
 Thrashed at our army whipping-post  
 In the morning. Is it just that he





To its merry magic come  
 Grain and poultry, pork and mutton.  
 Pah! But to our boy, whose trip  
 Over that brush-covered coop  
 Broke a slat and so let loose  
 A flapping fury of a goose."

The Commander-in-Chief, austere, aloof,  
 Loomed like a statue passion-proof.  
 "She opened hostilities with a peck,  
 That feathered heroine,  
 On the invader's naked shin.  
 Insulted, jarred, bewildered, scratched,  
 He clutched her, minded to wring her neck,  
 But all about him was cackle and bleat,  
 Grunt and quack,  
 And then halloo and whoop  
 And a pistol shot. He snatched  
 Off the drumhead, into his drum  
 Thrust the fowl and ran,  
 Close at his back,  
 And ever more nigh,  
 Barking dogs and pounding feet,  
 Lanterns, pitchforks, and hue and cry,  
 Pandemonium.  
 He ran like a startled deer,  
 Ran like a hunted fox,  
 And just beyond Headquarters here  
 Ran plump into a picket,  
 By whom, having no ticket  
 Of leave, he was arrested.  
 I, coming from your doorway, sir,  
 Fell on the fracas, put  
 Myself in ambush, saw

The sentry grip his man,  
 The farmer and his rabble  
 Behind the prisoner  
 Exchanging threats and mocks  
 Across the line with gathering soldiers, heard  
 The boy pant out his story,  
 Which I have duly tested.  
 The drum, stoven in,  
 Was rolling under foot  
 And, hissing like a Tory,  
 Dodging to and fro,  
 That virago of a bird  
 Was writing with indignant claw,  
 Scribble-scrabble,  
 Her protest on the snow."

Said Washington with unchanged mien,  
 Severe, serene:  
 "Sir, so deplorable a din  
 But calls for stricter discipline.  
 I applaud your drama of a goose,  
 Though against the grounds that you adduce  
 For this young soldier's pardon,  
 I must in conscience harden  
 My heart. I cannot intervene."

All undaunted, General Greene  
 Rose and beat  
 A feigned retreat,  
 Bowing goodnight with portly stoop;  
 But turned him at the door:  
 "Would you from other source learn more  
 About this hurly-burly,  
 In the foremost group

That gave pursuit  
 To the fowl I chanced to see  
 The scarlet trousers and crispy-curly  
 Pate of Billy Lee.  
 Presumably I could adduce  
 A further fact, were it allowed  
 Guests to comment on the fare.  
 Your Excellency is aware  
 That certain matters do not bear  
 Too close a scrutiny, as who  
 —I merely put the case to you—  
 Dined on that stolen goose.”

Again the burly General bowed  
 And then was gone for good.  
 The issue of the battle stood  
 Doubtful. Washington at his desk  
 Sat, a figure picturesque,  
 A cliff untroubled by the dash,  
 Tumult and crash  
 Of waves against its base.  
 And now for his unfinished task!  
 He annotated the reports and sprinkled  
 Sand on the ink, but still  
 One sentence of the Court lacked undersigning.  
 Slowly the Commander-in-Chief,  
 His lofty head inclining,  
 Poised above that Judgment leaf  
 A new, goosefeather quill.  
 It caught his eye, that lit and twinkled.  
 Melted the military mask,  
 Stamped by the steel of care and stress,  
 To living mirth and tenderness.  
 How could human heart resist

That witness who had hissed  
 Her final hiss and gone to roast  
 To save his credit as a host?  
 He wrote, while over his worn face  
 The rare smile flitted,  
 Like April blossoming of trees  
 Whose sap the winter strove to freeze:  
 "Because of special services  
 The lashes are remitted."

*The storm had ceased at midnight; from her cloudy cavern  
 floated  
 The moon; the trees and huts and all the camp were crystal-  
 coated;  
 The sentries looked like images of ivory saints devoted.*

*And even as once the prison doors opened for Paul and  
 Peter,  
 The Angel of the Lord, dear Sleep, whose lullaby is sweeter  
 Than brook or bird, came to the lad; his eyelids fell to greet  
 her.*

*She led his spirit forth from jail, afar from all distresses.  
 To hushful gardens where she healed its bruises with ca-  
 resses  
 Soft as his mother's, Angel Sleep, who every mortal blesses.*

## *The ‘‘ Somerset ’’*

**I**T was a British man-of-war,  
 With a French fleet racing after,  
 That struck in her haste on Peaked Hill Bar,  
     'Mid the billows' rebel laughter.

The hulk was their toy from spring to fall;  
     Then, setting their shoulders under,  
 They flung it far up the beach for all  
     Who were minded to pry and plunder.

Stript and mocked the *Somerset* lay  
     On the shore like a huddled giant,  
 Frowning out on the dancing spray,  
     Undaunted, grim, defiant.

But the shifting sands by their lord, the wind,  
     To cover the wreck were bidden,  
 Till the blackened timbers no eye could find,  
     Even from memory hidden.

The life of a century slipped away,  
     As all mortality passes,  
 While in hushful sleep the *Somerset* lay  
     Under the coarse beach-grasses.

Then furious tides drove over the flat  
     And their wrath on the white banks vented,  
 Till the old ship rose to be wondered at,  
     Photographed, chipped, tormented.

She lifted her sullen, indignant head  
     And watched the wild Atlantic,

Scorning the tourists who flocked and said  
     Her fate was "so romantic";

But never a mast flew the Union Jack,  
     And that hoary hull, encrusted  
 With pearly, whispering shells, dived back  
     Under the sand, disgusted.

Still is she sulking beneath a dune  
     That dimples when winds are skittish,  
 Shut away from the sun and moon,  
     Undaunted, stubborn, British.



## *The Young Republic*

*"One thing is needful—to live close to the divine genius  
within thee and minister thereto worthily."*

—WHITMAN





## *The American Coast*

OUR eager vessel flings a foam  
That dazzles with the setting sun.

A thousand voices talk of home;

Our voyage is almost done.

Not for the gracious green of English meadows,

Not for the fragrances of hawthorn lanes,

Not for the fall of soft, remembering shadows

On desolated fanes,

*O our own land,*

*Freedom's throneland,*

*Line of lilac on the sea,*

*Would we give our hearts from thee.*

The west is gold as daffodils,

With sudden rifts that seem to ope

On emerald forests, opal hills

And lawns of heliotrope.

Not for a Riviera full of roses,

Not for an Andalusia full of sun,

Not for a dreaming Orient that reposes

Where hushed waters run,

*O our own land,*

*Freedom's throneland,*

*Line of lilac on the sea*

*Would we give our hearts from thee.*

*Land of Hope*

## I

MANY the lands that the true-hearted honor,  
Many the banners that blow on the sea;  
Ah, but one only—God's blessing upon her!—  
Must be forever the fairest to me;  
Dear for her mountains, rock-based, cloudy-crested,  
Hooded with snow in the ardors of June,  
Haunts where the bald-headed eagle has nested,  
Staring full hard on his neighbor, the moon;  
Dear for her vineyards and jessamine gardens,  
Forests of fir where the winter wakes;  
Dear for her oceans, her twin grey wardens;  
Dear for her girdle of amethyst lakes;  
Dear for the song of the wind when it crosses  
Sunshiny prairies a-ripple with wheat;  
Nay, I could kiss but the least of her mosses,  
Sweet as the touch of a mother is sweet.

## II

Silver and gold that the æons had hidden  
For the pleasure of man ere his likeness arose;  
Coal in whose blackness the flame lay forbidden;  
Let not her treasure be counted by those.  
Richer she deemeth her heirdom of labor,  
Her heraldry blazoned in chisel and saw,  
Tradition of councils where neighbor with neighbor  
Forgathered to fashion the settlement law.  
Peace to the homespun, the heroes who wore it,  
Whose patriot passion in stormy career  
Swept back the redcoats seaward before it,  
Like wind-driven leaves in the wane of the year.

Peace be to all who have suffered or striven,  
 Fought for her, thought for her, wrought for her till  
 She hath grown great with the life they have given;  
 She must be noble their faith to fulfill.

### III

Tell me not now of the blots that bestain her  
 Beautiful vestments, that sully the white.  
 Though to-day hath the wrong been gainer,  
 To-morrow's victory crowns the right.  
 Still through error and shame and censure  
 She urges onward with straining breast,  
 For her face is set to the great adventure,  
 Her feet are vowed to the utmost quest.  
 Bright is the star, though the mists may dim her;  
 Mists are fleeting, but stars endure;  
 Yet, ah, yet shall the golden glimmer  
 Wax to a splendor superb and pure.  
 To her shall our prayers be as pulsing pinions;  
 A wingèd sphere she shall soar above  
 Greed of gain and of forced dominions  
 To the upper heaven whose law is love.

### IV

Land of Hope, be it thine to fashion  
 In joy and beauty the toiler's day;  
 Wear on thine heart the white rose of compassion;  
 Show the world a more gracious way.  
 Still by the need of that seed of the nation,  
 Cavaliers leaping with laughter to land,  
 Puritans kneeling, in stern consecration,  
 Parent by child, on their desolate strand,  
 —Still by the stress of those seekers storm-driven,

Glad in strange waters their vessels to moor,  
 Open thy gates, O thou favored of Heaven,  
 Open thy gates to the homeless and poor.  
 So shalt thou garner the gifts of the ages,  
 From the Norlands their vigor, the Southlands their  
 grace,  
 In a mystical blending of souls that presages  
 The birth of earth's rarest, undreamable race.

## Our Flag

**I**T is not fair to see, our starry banner?  
You, as an artist, who have pledged allegiance  
Only to Beauty, find it crude in color,  
Stiff in design, void of romantic symbol,  
Unvenerable? England's golden lions,  
Japan's chrysanthemum, imperial flower  
Blooming in red as on a field of battle,  
The holy cross of Switzerland, out-value  
To all impartial, pure, æsthetic judgment  
The flag our patriot folly terms Old Glory?

I cannot tell. Perchance I never saw it.  
When on the seas or in some foreign city,  
Nay, here at home above a country school-house,  
I find it floating on the wind, it beckons  
My heart into my eyes. It is not bunting,  
Mere red and white and blue,—that starry cluster,  
Those gleaming folds; it is the faith of childhood,  
The unison of strong, rejoicing millions,  
The splendor of a vision men have died for,  
The passion of a people vowed to freedom.









## *Above the Battle*

**H**ONOR and pity for the smitten field,  
 The valorous ranks mown down like precious corn,  
 Whose want must famish love morn after morn,  
 Till Death, the good physician, shall have healed  
 The craving and the tearspent eyelids sealed.  
 Proud be the homes that for each cannon-torn,  
 Encrimsoned rampart have been left forlorn;  
 Holy the knells o'er fallen patriots pealed.  
 But they, above the battle, throng a space  
 Of starry silences and silver rest.  
 Commingled ghosts, they press like brothers through  
 White, dove-winged portals, where one Father's face  
 Atones their passion, as the ethereal blue  
 Serenes the fiery glows of east and west.

## *Henry Ward Beecher*

**I**N our Civil War's mid-agony  
 When hesitant England weighed  
 Against the wrong of slavery  
 The damage of her trade,  
 Let it not be forgotten  
 Whose tumult-quelling voice  
 Pealed forth against King Cotton  
 And urged the nobler choice.

It was the Plymouth minister  
 Who flung out, word by word,  
 On the howling mob of Manchester  
 His speech. "I will be heard."  
 Against the rage that clamored  
 At Liverpool, unbent,  
 Undauntable, he hammered  
 His white-hot argument.

All honor to the warrior  
 Who wore no blood-stained sword  
 But clove the British barrier  
 By his resplendent word.  
 Engrave mid lords of battle  
 His loved and laureled name  
 Above all tittle-tattle  
 That funguses on fame.

## *When Lincoln Died*

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD in a Cape Cod village,  
 Twenty miles from the rail,  
 Falmouth, Falmouth, loveliest Falmouth,  
 Wearing her silvery, pearl-embroidered  
 Ocean mist for veil;

Her sweet God's Acre a winsome garden  
 Whither often would weepers bear  
 Their gifts of flowers, dear dooryard flowers,  
 To pale stones carved with a ship or anchor,  
 Though no mound was molded there;

For many a Falmouth man lay dreaming  
 Under seas of dazzling blue  
 Mid the rosewhite coral, the rosepink coral,  
 And some in the Arctic ice were shrouded,  
 And the tomb of some none knew.

A five-year-old on the side porch holding  
 A fold of her mother's dress,  
 Mother, Mother, our fair young Mother,  
 Shaking the breakfast cloth with a flourish  
 Of her own gay gallantness.

And across the yard, in her narrow doorway,  
 The neighbor I held in dread,  
 Venomous neighbor, witch of a neighbor,  
 Lean and gray, with a furtive pussy  
 That the boys called Copperhead.

Yet I loved her grandson, a pygmy urchin  
 With black eyes glittering sly,



Then our lonely village among the sand dunes  
 With only its one scant store,  
 Yet part of a nation, a stricken nation,  
 Took thought how to honor our saint, our martyr,  
 Our hero forevermore.

Wonted to grief, the women of Falmouth  
Hung the old church, pulpit and walls,  
With a simple mourning, a sacred mourning,  
Already steeped in uttermost anguish,  
Hung it with widow's shawls.

The flag on the village green half-masted,  
 Bell tolling upon the air  
 Lincoln, Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln,  
 The nation's sorrow I felt my sorrow,  
 For my mother's shawl was there.

## *Year of the Vision*

(1893)

IS there no ivy greener than the rest,  
 No amaranth from shadowy isles Elysian,  
 That we may lay upon thy snow-heaped breast,  
     Year of the Vision?

For thou hast touched this people to a grace  
     That half rebukes the solitary ditty.  
 All men were poets for one brief, bright space  
     In the White City.

Beyond the circle of her glistening domes  
     A bitter wind swept by to waste and wither.  
 A cry went up from hunger-smitten homes,  
     But came not hither.

So fair she stood imparadised within  
     Her own delight, as film of elfin labor,  
 A moonshine fabric, far from stain and din  
     Of her dark neighbor.

And yet Chicago, from her troubled gloom,  
     Young daughter of the young, undaunted nation,  
 Breathed in this evanescent lily-bloom  
     Heart-aspiration.

For through all stress of the material strife,  
     The greed, the clash, the coarse, unlovely fashion,  
 America bears on to sweeter life  
     And purer passion.

Oh, sting our souls with this diviner need  
     And, ere thou fadest, take our high decision  
 To make thy radiant dream immortal deed,  
     Year of the Vision.





## The Peace-Maker

“LET me be blessèd for the peace I make.”  
 God grant that old Shakespearean praise may glow,  
 Columbia, on thy brows most royal so,  
 Girt with a crown no mortal chances break.  
 The eagle that from ruined Rome we take  
 Hath but a pagan heart. His kingdoms go,  
 That the dove's kingdom still may come, and flow  
 O'er all the world. Ere the New Century wake,  
 Make straight her paths, her sweet Triumphal Way,  
 For not by might and power earth's sorrows cease;  
 Nor shall the stars in our young banner dim  
 While in its stripes is set the sign of Him  
 Who won by sufferance an eternal sway,  
 The King of Glory and the Prince of Peace.





## *The World War*

*"I shall be answered. I know that in the end I shall find  
the Lover in the Garden of Peace."*

—FLECKER'S HASSAN



## *Marching Feet*

THESE August nights, hushed but for drowsy  
peep

Of fledglings, tremble with a strange vibration,  
A sound too far for hearing, sullen, dire,  
Shaking the earth.

Even within the swaying veils of sleep  
We are haunted by a horror, a mistrust,  
A muffled perturbation,

Vaguely aware  
Of prodigies in birth,  
Of brooding thunders unbelievable,  
Fierce forces that conspire  
Against mankind.

We start awake;  
The purple glooms, all sweet  
With dewy fragrance, bear  
Our eyelids down, but still we feel the beat,  
Dull, doomful, irretrievable,  
Of Europe's marching feet,  
Enchanted, blind,

By wizard music led  
Over crushed blossoms, through the mocking dust,  
To baths of blood and fire.

Beyond the seas, in these hushed hills we dread  
That hollow, rhythmic tread  
Of nation against nation,  
That ancient, bitter thrust

Of war against a world that might be fair  
As any golden star that rides the air.

We cannot rest for marching feet that must

Harvest and home forsake,  
Inexorably called to take  
The road of desolation,  
Trampling on hearts that break.





*F o d d e r   f o r   C a n n o n*

BODIES glad, erect,  
 Beautiful with youth,  
 Life's elect,  
 Nature's truth,  
 Marching host on host,  
 Those bright, unblemished ones,  
 Manhood's boast,—  
 Feed them to the guns.

Hearts and brains that teem  
With blessing for the race,  
Thought and dream,  
Vision, grace,  
Oh, love's best and most,  
Bridegrooms, brothers, sons,—  
Host on host  
Feed them to the guns.

## Our President

GOD help him! Ay, and let us help him, too,  
Help him with our one hundred million minds  
Molded to loyalty, so that he finds  
The faith of the Republic pulsing through  
All clashes of opinion, faith still true  
To its divine young vision of mankind's  
Freedom and brotherhood. May all the winds,  
North, south, east, west, waft him our honor due!  
For he is one who, when the tempest breaks  
In shattering fury, wild with thunder-jars  
And javelins of lightning that transform  
All the familiar scene to horror, makes  
A hush about him in the heart of storm,  
Remembering the quiet of the stars.

## *The Morning Paper*

*CARNAGE!*  
 Humanity disgraced!  
 Time's dearest toil effaced!  
 Poison gases and flame  
 Putting Nero to shame!  
 Bayonet, bomb and shell!  
 Merry reading for hell!  
 The wickedness! the waste!

*COURAGE!*  
 To gain their fiery goal,  
 Some crumbling, blood-soaked knoll,  
 How fearlessly they fling  
 Their flesh to suffering,  
 Offer their ardent breath  
 To gasping, shuddering death!  
 O miracle of soul!



## *Children of the War*

SHRUNKEN little bodies, pallid baby faces,  
 Eyes of staring terror, innocence defiled,  
 Tiny bones that strew the sand of silent places,  
 —This upon our own star where Jesus was a child.

Broken buds of April, is there any garden  
 Where they yet may blossom, comforted of sun,  
 While their sad Creator bows to ask their pardon  
 For the life He gave them, life and death in one?

Spared by steel and hunger, still shall horror blazon  
 Those white and tender spirits with anguish unforgot;  
 Half a century hence the haggard look shall gaze on  
 The outrage of a mother, shall see a grandsire shot.

Man who wings the azure, lassoes the hoof-sparkling,  
 Fire-maned steeds of glory and binds them to his car,  
 Cannot man whose searchlight leaves no horizon darkling  
 Safeguard little children on our tormented star?

## The Horses

"Thus far 80,000 horses have been shipped from the United States to the European belligerents."

WHAT was our share in the sinning,  
That we must share the doom?  
Sweet was our life's beginning  
In the spicy meadow-bloom,  
With children's hands to pet us  
And kindly tones to call.  
To-day the red spurs fret us  
Against the bayonet wall.

What had we done, our masters,  
That you sold us into hell?  
Our terrors and disasters  
Have filled your pockets well.  
You feast on our starvation;  
Your laughter is our groan.  
Have horses then no nation,  
No country of their own?

What are we, we your horses,  
So loyal where we serve,  
Fashioned of noble forces  
All sensitive with nerve?  
Torn, agonized, we wallow  
On the blood-bemired sod;  
And still the shiploads follow.  
Have horses then no God?

## Only Mules

"The submarine was quite within its rights in sinking the cargo of the *Armenian*,—1422 mules valued at \$191,400."

NO matter; we are only mules  
And slow to understand;  
We drown according to the rules  
Of war, we contraband.

War reckons us as shot and shell,  
As so much metal lost,  
And mourns the dollars gone to swell  
The monstrous bill of cost.

Would that we had been wrought of steel  
And not of quivering flesh!  
Of iron, not of nerves that feel,  
And maddened limbs that thresh

The sucking seas in stubborn strife  
For that dim right of ours  
To what no factory fashions, life,  
No Edison endowers.

Our last wild screams are choked; you know  
It does not matter, for  
We're only mules that suffered so,  
And contraband of war.

*P i g e o n P o s t*

WHITE wing, white wing,  
Lily of the Air,  
What word dost bring,  
On whose errand fare?

*Red word, red word,  
Snowy plumes abhor.  
I, Christ's own bird,  
Do the work of war.*



## *The Pleaders*

**B**EFORE the Majesty of Most High God  
 The gentlest of the glad Archangels came;  
 Swift down the emerald avenue he trod,  
 His eager sandals quivering to flame.  
 Close at his heels there frisked a dog, his mate  
 In bygone journeyings with young Tobias,  
 A dog "without," whose love had dared the gate,  
 Scenting the steps of Brother Azarias,  
 So-called in those blithe morns when, laughing-eyed,  
 By thorn and myrrh, the dew on every stem,  
 He led the son of Tobit to his bride,  
 And the lad's dog went leaping after them.

The little winds that in those sunrise-flushed,  
 Fleet plumes had nestled, to the harpstrings flew  
 To learn gold melodies for May, but hushed  
 Was all that glory till a Voice pealed through:  
 "Mine Angel Raphael, of the Holy Seven  
 Who lift the prayers of saints before the Throne,  
 What wild, unworded anguish troubles Heaven,  
 To man's appeal the wailing undertone?  
 Men's orisons for Peace, for Peace, for Peace,  
 Smothered the psalms of Paradise, until  
 I bade that vain and bitter crying cease.  
 My will is Peace. Let mortals do my will."

Before the shining of the Mercy Seat  
 The Angel raised a censer. "Lord, I bring  
 The screams of shell-torn horses, thrashing feet  
 Of mangled mules, the pigeon's broken wing,  
 Gasps of dogs gas-tortured, wounds and woe





## *America to England*

**W**HO would trust England, let him lift his eyes  
 To Nelson columned o'er Trafalgar Square,  
 Her hieroglyph of duty, written where  
 The roar of traffic hushes to the skies;  
 Or mark, while Paul's vast shadow softly lies  
 On Gordon's statued sleep, how praise and prayer  
 Flush through the frank young faces clustering there  
 To con that kindred rune of sacrifice.  
 O England, no bland cloud-ship in the blue,  
 But rough oak plunging on o'er perilous jars  
 Of reef and ice, our faith will follow you  
 The more for tempest roar that strains your spars  
 And splits your canvas, be your helm but true,  
 Your courses shapen by the eternal stars.

*To Canada*

OUR neighbor of the undefended bound,  
Friend of the hundred years of peace, our kin,  
Fellow adventurer on the enchanted ground  
Of the New World, must not the pain within  
Our hearts for this wide anguish of the war  
Be keenest for your pain? Is not our grief,  
That aches with all bereavement, tenderest for  
The tragic crimson on your maple-leaf?

Bitter our lot, in this world-clash of faiths,  
To stand aloof and bide our hour to serve;  
The glorious dead are living; we are wraiths,  
Dim watchers of the conflict's changing curve,  
Yet proud for human valor, spirit true  
In scorn of body, manhood on the crest  
Of consecration, dearly proud for you,  
Who sped to arms like knighthood to the Quest.

From quaint Quebec to stately Montreal,  
Along the rich St. Lawrence, o'er the steep  
Roofs of the Rockies rang the bugle-call,  
And east and west, deep answering to deep,  
Your sons surged forth, the simple, stooping folk  
Of shop and wheatfield sprung to hero size  
Swiftly as e'er your Northern Lights awoke  
To streaming splendor quiet evening skies.

Seek not your lost beneath the tortured sod  
Of France and Flanders, where in desperate strife  
They battled greatly for the cause of God ;  
But when above the snow your heavens are rife

With those upleaping lusters, find them there,  
Ardors of sacrifice, celestial sign,  
Aureole your Angel shall forever wear,  
Praising the irresistible Divine.

## *R u s s i a*

**W**HAT sudden voice peals to the Caucasus,  
 To Finland and the bitter Caspian,  
 To those Siberian prisons whither man  
 Shall seek as to a shrine, that mutinous,  
 Divine word Liberty? Impetuous  
 She rises, Holy Russia, shakes the ban  
 From her stooped shoulders of colossal span,  
 A youth in diamond mail, miraculous.  
 Is this the foretaste of a harvest worth  
 All agony of its encrimsoned sod?  
 Are dreams come true? Does this wild roar of wars,  
 That wellnigh breaks the shuddering heart of earth,  
 Sound in the hearing of the far-off stars  
 A golden voice of Freedom, voice of God?

## *Out of Siberia*

**S**HAKERAGS, cripples, gaunt and dazed,  
 Prison-broken hosts on hosts,  
 Torture-scarred and dungeon-crazed,  
 Down the convict road they pour,  
 More and more and myriads more,  
 Terrible as ghosts.

Shuffling feet that miss the chain,  
 Shoulders welted, faces hoar,  
 Sightless eyes that stare in vain,  
 Writen limbs and idiot tongue,—  
 They are old who were so young  
 When they passed before.

Grimy from the mines, a stain  
 And a horror on the white  
 Sweep of the Siberian plain,  
 These, grotesque and piteous, these  
 Fill the earth with jubilees,  
 Flood the skies with light.

While each squalid tatter spins  
 At the sport of wind and snow,  
 Russia hails her paladins,  
 And with cheer of sob proclaims  
 Long unspoken hero names,  
 Names they hardly know.

They unto themselves are vague,  
 Even as they tear the bread  
 That their famished fingers beg;  
 They themselves are specters, who





*To Italy*

**B**RIGHT valor, smitten by so shrewd a blow,  
Drooping thy golden wing like wounded plover,  
What great, grieved faces o'er the battle hover,  
Patriot Mazzini; Fra Angelico,  
Forsaking his own seraphs for thy woe;  
Savonarola, still his country's lover  
Despite the flames; longing for walls to cover  
With such a fresco, Michael Angelo!  
Pity in those sweet eyes of Raphael  
For all Madonnas whose young sons lie slain;  
Chagrin in Dante's, that his far-famed hell  
Fades to a fantasy but weak and vain  
By scenes no wildest dream could parallel,  
Vast agony of thy Venetian plain.

## *Jerusalem*

**A**T last, at last the Crescent  
 Falls back before the Cross.  
 Great spirits, incandescent  
 With longing and with loss,  
 Gleam from the clouds, crusaders  
 Who knew no requiem  
 While Saladin's invaders  
 Possessed Jerusalem.

King David harps for Zion  
 A glad, celestial psalm;  
 The face of the young lion  
 Is toward the sacred palm;  
 New Europe's noblest nation  
 Has won the diadem  
 Of him who brings salvation  
 To thee, Jerusalem.

Isaiah, Hosea, Amos,  
 Who cried against thy sin,  
 Whose vision saw thy famous  
 Bright bulwarks beaten in  
 And made a cup of trembling,  
 God's house a broken gem,  
 On all the winds assembling  
 Comfort Jerusalem.

The Christ, Messiah proven,  
 Whose Gentile armies free  
 Thy walls, not battle-cloven,  
 But won with jubilee,  
 As when thy people, pressing,















*The New Crusade*

**L**IFE is a trifle;  
Honor is all;  
Shoulder the rifle;  
Answer the call.  
"A nation of traders"!   
We'll show what we are,  
Freedom's crusaders  
Who war against war.

Battle is tragic;  
Battle shall cease;  
Ours is the magic  
Mission of Peace.  
"A nation of traders"!  
We'll show what we are,  
Freedom's crusaders  
Who war against war.

Gladly we barter  
Gold of our youth  
For Liberty's charter  
Blood-sealed in truth.  
"A nation of traders"!   
We'll show what we are.  
Freedom's crusaders  
Who war against war.

Sons of the granite,  
Strong be our stroke,  
Making this planet  
Safe for the folk.  
"A nation of traders"!

We'll show what we are,  
Freedom's crusaders  
Who war against war.

Life is but passion,  
Sunshine on dew.  
Forward to fashion  
This old world anew!  
"A nation of traders"!   
We'll show what we are,  
Freedom's crusaders  
Who war against war.





## New Roads

FAR road for words that rush,  
 Arrowing space,  
 Swifter than meteors flush  
 Star-road in race.  
*Wireless! Tireless, leaping the wave!*  
*Roger Bacon laughs in his grave.*

One road, o'ersteep to climb  
Since world began,  
Winged in our wonder-time,  
Sun-road for man.  
*Air-ship! Fair ship, soaring the blue!*  
*Galileo had burned for you.*

Dread road for Freedom's sons,  
Sworn to release  
Life from the threat of guns,  
Red road to peace.  
*New knights! true knights! gleam of God's blade!*  
*Lincoln leads in the Last Crusade.*

## The Goal

THE world has glimpsed a vision  
It shall not lose.  
Not hatred nor derision  
May disabuse  
The nations, wronged and wronging,  
Misled, misunderstood,  
Of their deep human longing  
For brotherhood.

Love is the only healing,  
Music that blends  
All discords, light revealing  
Foes as friends.  
New fies our youth enrapture  
To a strife that shall not cease  
Until their glad hearts capture  
The Prince of Peace.

They shall return with singing,  
Whether they come  
In flesh or spirit, bringing  
Their Prisoner home.  
Courage and faith have bound him  
Fast in a shining chain;  
The blossomed thorn has crowned him,  
Beauty from pain.

Goal of the toiling ages,  
No longer far!  
On through these battle-rages  
Leads the star.





*The German-American*

HONOR to him whose very blood remembers  
The old, enchanted dream-song of the Rhine,  
Although his house of life is fair with shine  
Of fires new-kindled on the buried embers;

Whose heart is wistful for the flowers he tended  
Beside his mother, for the carven gnome  
And climbing bear and cuckoo-clock of home,  
For the whispering forest path two lovers wended ;

Who none the less, still strange in speech and manner,  
With our young Freedom keeps his plighted faith,  
Sides with his children's hope against the wraith  
Of his own childhood, hails the Starry Banner

As emblem of his country now, to-morrow;  
A patriot by duty, not by birth.  
The costliest loyalty has purest worth.  
Honor to him who draws the sword in sorrow!

## *Our Hearts Are With the Ships*

OUR hearts are with the ships  
 That bear our boys  
 Across the ocean for their stern crusade.  
 Oh, terror unconfessed!  
 Here are our lips  
 That tremble, smiling; here our busy hands  
 That knit, and fold the bandage, poor employs  
 But all we can; our eyes where pride commands  
 The sudden tears back to their ambuscade;  
 But our wild hearts  
 Follow our nestlings from the lonely nest.

Our hearts are with the ships.  
 Would they were shields  
 Impierceable by cruel cannonade,  
 Mailed like archangel breast,  
 Each heart that drips  
 Red anguish, longing to defend its own,  
 Our boys afar on those green ocean-fields  
 Whose white foam-flowers, by the proud sea-wind blown,  
 Above heroic graves shall never fade.  
 Our jealous hearts  
 Would guard them even from glory and from rest.

Our hearts are with the ships.  
 Would they were wings,  
 Our passionate hearts, to lend their eager aid  
 Against the stealthy quest  
 Till Life outstrips  
 Death horsed on dark torpedo, and glad shores

Welcome the lads we love! Or if one clings  
To raft or wreckage, while his soul explores  
Strange loneliness, his gallant part well played,  
Would that our hearts  
Were wings to lift him through that utmost test!

## *The Dead of the Tuscania*

FAR on the wild Scotch coast our boys are sleeping  
 Between the solemn cliffs and chanting waters,  
 Our soldiers, side by side in peaceful trenches,  
 Clad in their khaki, confined in fresh timber,  
 Or sheeted, quiet score by score, in canvas;  
 Their brief, brave struggle over, there they rest them  
 Where nevermore shall enemy molest them.

Their country blesses all who did them honor,  
 The fishermen who sought those broken bodies  
 Among the rocks, the grief-wise Scottish women  
 Who all night long before the burial labored  
 Stitching with mother-tears a Starry Banner,  
 That so their flag might wave above them, lying  
 At their supreme salute of loyal dying.

Far from their prairie farms and inland cities,  
 Their sleep is listening to a new, strange music,  
 Thunder of stormy tides and cry of seagulls,  
 A mightier organ, but the same proud anthem  
 That shaped the hero dreams of childhood, Courage,  
 Faith, Sacrifice; and they, beloved, lamented,  
 Slumber like tired boys at home, contented.





Flinging his lilt in the face of Death:  
 "Where do we go from here?"

He had sunk before his mates could troll  
The chorus across the foam,  
But God to that glad and gallant soul  
In the sea-depths answered: "Home."

## *H o w   L o n g ?*

**H**OW long, O Prince of Peace, how long? We sicken of  
the shame

Of this wild war that wraps the world, a roaring dragon-  
flame

Fed on earth's glorious youth, high hearts all passionate to  
cope

—O Chivalry of Hope!—

With the haughty host of the infidel and the Holy Earth re-  
claim.

For each dear land is Holy Land to her own fervent sons  
Who fling in loyal sacrifice their lives before the guns,  
But when they meet their foes above the battle-smoke, they  
laugh,

And all together quaff

The cup of welcome Honor pours for her slain champions.

Oh, if a thousandth part of all this treasure, purpose, skill,  
Were poured into the crucible transforming wrong and ill,  
By the white magic of a wise and generous brotherhood,

To righteousness and good,

The world would be divine again, with every war-cry still.

How long? The angels of the stars entreat the clouded  
Throne

In anguish for their brother Earth, who stands, like Cain,  
alone,

And hides the mark upon his brow, the while their harps im-  
plore

The Silence to restore

Peace to this wayward Son of God, whose music is a moan.















## The Roll of Honor

WE read the list at sunset, when the sky  
Was all a-stream with splendors multiform,  
Rose-color lit to flame, that still swept by,  
Bright spirits thronging from the battle-storm.

Against the royal purples of the east,  
The pride of our great mourning, fair they glowed,  
Our heroes from all agony released,  
Speeding to Honor's beautiful abode.

Still eager with their youth's unslaked desire,  
Leaping the clouds with feet too light to fall,  
Beneath a many-bannered arch of fire  
Those glories raced like boys to festival.

## *Motoring Through New England*

WE journeyed between gardens  
 And scarcely sensed their sweet  
 For the service-flags, the service-flags,  
 All up and down the street.  
 From gate to porch the larkspur  
 Her winsome welcome threw,  
 But the stars upon the service-flags  
 Were more intensely blue.

By lonely roads we journeyed  
 That, farther than the eye  
 Could reach, were fringed with chicory  
 Like fallen flakes of sky;  
 But the infrequent farm-house  
 Our look of reverence drew,  
 For the star upon its service-flag  
 Was more divinely blue.

We climbed a wooded mountain  
 And found its roughness topped  
 By a pasture of blind gentian,  
 Madonna's mantle dropped;  
 But our love embraced the cabin  
 Whose service-stars were two,  
 One gold. God comfort sorrow  
 And keep the other blue!



*Stanza for Red Cross  
Christmas Card*

THE holy heart of motherhood  
 Is thy great heart, Red Cross,  
 Heart of compassion, heart that would  
 Heal and restore all loss;  
 Madonna heart, still cherishing  
 The helpless, Christ's first shrine,  
 Saving His peace from perishing,  
 Keeping His world divine.

‘ ‘ *S o m e b o d y ’ s B o y* ’ ’

S OMEBODY’S boy, his young face gray,  
 Lies where the shells, in demon play,  
 Fling up fountains of ruddy spray,  
 Splinter and tear and toss.  
 Bleeding he waits on Death’s wild whim,  
 But stretcher-bearers have lifted him,  
 —Back through the shrapnel, over the rim  
 Of the trench. O brave Red Cross!

Somebody’s boy, his wildered brain  
 Waking from ether, stabbed with pain,  
 Smiles to a touch as cool as rain  
 Falling on sun-parched moss,  
 Smiles to the white-garbed nurse who bends  
 Over his broken body, mends  
 Horror with kindness. Best of friends  
 To our soldiers, dear Red Cross!

Somebody’s boy, beyond the war,  
 In that happier world he has battled for,  
 Love the lord and the conqueror,  
 Shall turn from the tarnished gloss  
 Of idle cannon and bayonet,  
 To greet, on its errands of mercy yet,  
 His hand at salute and lashes wet,  
 Christ’s chivalry, Red Cross.

## The Red Cross Nurse

ONE summer day, gleaming in memory,  
We drove, my Joy and I,  
Through fragrant hawthorn lanes  
Gold-fringed with wisps of rye  
Brushed off the harvest wains,  
From the old, gladsome town of Shrewsbury,  
Throned on twin hills and girdled by a loop  
Of the brown Severn, out to Battlefield.  
Henry the Fourth with his usurping sword  
Smote here the haughty Percies,  
And after builded here, as due to Him  
Who made rebellion stoop  
And lesser traitors to chief traitor yield,  
A church. Decayed, restored,  
Its centuries afford  
To stranger eyes, enshadowed by the view  
Of that ridged burial plain from which it grew,  
No sight more sacred than a crude  
Image of visage dim,  
Hewn by some ancient tool from forest wood,  
Our Lady of the Mercies.

Even so long ago amid the slaughter,  
Hushed now beneath its coverlet of flowers,  
Groped this imperfect dream  
Of Pity, pure, divine.  
Madonna, look to-day upon thy daughter  
And know her by the crimson cross, the sign  
Of love that shall at last, at last redeem  
This war-torn world of ours.

## *To Liberty Militant*

ASK what thou wilt, great guardian of our nation;  
 What canst thou ask we do not long to lay  
 At thy white feet, strong-sandaled for the way  
 That leads from selfish guilt,  
 Fevers of hate, deliriums of slaughter,  
 Upward to law and love? Time's dearest daughter,  
 Dream of the prophets, bringer of salvation,  
 Ask what thou wilt.  
 Shall not thy sons, who owe thee all, repay?

Youth gives his joyous body for the breaking  
 Under the wheels of war; mothers and wives  
 And sweethearts give again to thee those lives  
 Whereon their own are built,  
 Wherein for them all hopes of earth are treasured.  
 And shall our mere, safe loan of gold be measured,  
 Our poor gold, only hallowed in thy taking?  
 Ask what thou wilt.  
 Shall thy mouth hunger while we store our hives?

The goal, the goal of all the climbing ages!  
 We who have seen men cleave the air and soar  
 Above the clouds, let us not die before  
 The glad new sunrise breaks,  
 Before we see thee, Freedom, rise with healing  
 In thy bright wings! The anguished world is kneeling  
 To thee, the cross upon whose sword assuages  
 The wounds it makes.  
 Ask what thou wilt and we will give thee more.

## *C l e m e n c e a u*

**B**EFORE the Deputies the Premier stood  
 With such a glory on his lifted face  
 The thunders of their joy for one brief space  
 Were silenced. Let him bid them what he would.

For he had come from Lille, from lands defiled  
 By fierce invasion. To his raiment still  
 Clung tragic ashes. How his words would thrill  
 All hearts to fury! But the old man smiled.

The soul of France, too clear for wrath to blind,  
 Spoke from those lips, haloed that hoary head:  
 "Our victory is not revenge," he said,  
 "But Freedom for the conscience of mankind."

## The Least of These

THE wolf of want is howling  
At doors no angel keeps.  
Young Mary smiled on her Holy Child,  
But many a mother weeps.

The Kings of the East brought treasures  
Uncounted and unpriced.  
Who bears a gift to arms that lift  
A little famished Christ?

## *A r m e n i a*

**A**RMENIA! The name is like a sword  
 In every Christian heart. O martyr nation,  
 Eldest of all the daughters of the Word,  
 Exceeding all in bitter tribulation!

Armenia! The name is like a cry  
 Of agony that shrills around the sphere.  
 Bread, bread before her last starved children die  
 And tell to Christ how cold our hearts are here!

Armenia! A figure on a cross,  
 Pale, wasted, bleeding, with imploring eyes!  
 Except we save her, all our gain is loss,  
 And Christendom shamed in her sacrifice.

# Feed My Lambs

O CHRIST, those torn Armenian flocks of thine,  
That broken, blood-stained fold, sealed with thy  
seal!

Our hearts are in the dust.

Slack watchers we to let the wolves combine  
Their raging packs! Like him of old we kneel,  
Betrayers of thy trust.

To us, even as to Peter, one divine  
 Forgiveness: "Feed my lambs." So may we heal  
 Our own shame's burning thrust.

Are our blest homes so blind they cannot see  
That anguish of the East,—the lovely eyes  
Of Syrian motherhood,  
As the Madonna's own in Galilee,  
Glooming to madness for the faint, thin cries,  
Like a forsaken brood  
Of birds, from child at breast and child at knee?  
Small, famished mouths with roots of grass for food  
And bark of olive tree.

Strong myriads done to death by torture dire,  
Wan myriads goaded on the moaning way,  
Are in the fold of peace.

The wolves are beaten back, swept as by fire  
From deserts marked by ghastly trails of prey,  
Bare bones and shredded fleece.

O save the remnant, lest Christ's earliest choir,  
First flock among the nations, dawning ray  
Of his white glory, cease.



## *The Throne That Endures*

**M**ID the groans of the thrones doom-shaken,  
 The crash of the thrones that fall,  
 One throne in splendor stands;  
 And they who would have forsaken  
 Its glory for darkness, all  
 Implore it with lifted hands.

They are thrust to the dust, blasphemers,  
 Who scoffed at the heavenly throne  
 As a phantom of purple air,  
 But they—ah! they were the dreamers,  
 Who would fashion a god of their own  
 To grant them an evil prayer.

He has fed them with bread of derision,  
 The idol they wrought of their greed,  
 Their Dagon prone on his face,  
 Shattered before the vision  
 Of Holiness; all their creed  
 Of cruelty in disgrace.

But the throne that alone is eternal,  
 Mid the wreck and the ruin of thrones  
 Perfect, majestic remains;  
 A radiance steadfast, supernal,  
 Stronger than iron and stones,  
 The Throne of Righteousness reigns.

## *The Great Twin Brethren*

THE battle will not cease  
 Till once again on those white steeds ye ride,  
 O heaven-descended Twins,  
 Before humanity's bewildered host.  
 Our javelins  
 Fly wide,  
 And idle is our cannon's boast.  
 Lead us, triumphant Brethren, Love and Peace.

A fairer Golden Fleece  
 Our more adventurous Argo fain would seek,  
 But save, O Sons of Jove,  
 Your blended light go with us, vain employ  
 It were to rove  
 This bleak,  
 Blind waste. To unimagined joy  
 Guide us, immortal Brethren, Love and Peace.

## *T h e W o r l d W a r*

**B**EWILDERED, drugged with horror, it is not  
 For us nor for our sons, whose youth is crossed  
 With whirlwind, rosy loves and dreams all tossed  
 Like petals on the gale, to realize what  
 A vast event here sets its crimson blot  
 On Time's worn vellum. Even our thoughts are lost,  
 Dazed, fluttering birds whose wings are weighed with frost  
 Of a harsh sky where summer is forgot.

Centuries must wane before this war that flings  
 Its wild alarum to the shaken stars  
 Is merged within the sum of mortal things,  
 Chiseled and pictured, domiciled in calm  
 Of libraries, while its deep battle-scars  
 Are veiled with purple heal-all and sweet balm.

# *The Path of Brotherhood*

*"It is the soul which does things in life,—the rest is vapour."*

MEREDITH



## Wild Weather

A GREAT wind sweeps  
Across the world, hurling to heaps  
Of gilded rubbish crowns and thrones, mere gleam  
And flicker of dry leaves in its fierce path,  
A wind whose very wrath  
Springs from white Alpine crests of thought and dream.

What sword can quell  
An unleashed tempest, and compel  
Hush to the thunder, patience to the storm?  
The maddened blast that buffets sea and land  
Blows under high command,  
Rending and riving only to transform.

May its wild wings  
Burst the old tanglement of things,  
Those withered vines and brambles that enmesh  
The leaping foot! May its rough flail destroy  
Hedges that limit joy,  
Leaving, like rain, a silvery earth and fresh!

Faith shall not quail  
For broken branches. Of the gale  
Time is a strong corrival and will win;  
When hurricane has done its dread behest,  
And forests are at rest,  
His quiet hand will lead the sunshine in.

## *Leaves of the Tree*

THE world's one longing in this vast unrest,  
 Wild storm wherein proud ships of state have drifted  
 Upon the rocks and hang there, beaten, rifted,  
 Wrecks pitiful with cries of fear, amaze  
 And drowning agony, the world's one quest

    In these delirious days  
 Is for that far, ambrosial, holy Tree

        Whose leaves shall be,  
         Saith the Book of Revelations,  
         For the healing of the nations.

It grows within the City of our God,  
 On either side the crystal-flowing river;  
 The stars are in its boughs that stir and shiver  
 In this bleak wind which breaks on Paradise  
 From Earth forlorn with battle-wasted sod,

        —Wind seeking balm and spice  
 Of that bright-fruited, angel-tended Tree  
         Whose leaves shall be

        Dewy mercies, sweet salvations  
         For the healing of the nations.

O Tree of Life! No aeroplane may cleave  
 The blue to thine untroubled empyrean;  
 The giant arm of Science is pygmean  
 To reach and clasp thy lowest root of all;  
 Her youngest Titan, wizard to unweave

        The rainbow and enthrall  
 The lightning, may not flash us to that Tree  
         Whose leaves shall be  
         Visions, spirit transformations  
         For the healing of the nations.







## Change

LAST shreds of oakleaf, sallow brown below,  
A ghostly white above, curl where they cling.  
The rocks are darkened with scarce-melted snow;  
The wood is trembling in the breath of Spring.  
To the glad inner song of climbing sap  
The delicate birch tips are quivering;  
The moss is budded, and across the lap  
Of this mute ledge, whose memories could bring  
Five thousand Aprils back, a young vine weaves  
Her witchery of coral-tinted leaves.

But deeper thrills the miracle of change;  
The world awakes to unimagined morns;  
Its pale horizons flush in farther range;  
Conventions, like a bonfire of dry thorns  
And broken boughs, are burning at our feet;  
Splendors leap up from Winter's trampled scorns.  
In this strange hush after the fiery sleet  
And thunderous crash of war, ethereal horns  
Proclaim from some afar, triumphal place  
New births of beauty for the human race.



Holding the country steady. There were lords,  
I've read, in Russia, that kept all the land.  
They've paid for it; they've paid. But here we stand,  
Millions of us Americans, each on  
His bit of earth, waiting till winter's gone  
To plant the garden, thinking seeds and loam.  
—These rocks of yours, they'll not be far from home."



*Welcome to Wilson*

Landing at Boston, February 24, 1919

WELCOME to Wilson, Woodrow Wilson,  
Welcome to Wilson, pioneer  
On the steep, brave path  
That leads above  
The rocks of wrath  
To peace and love!  
Welcome to Wilson, Wilson, Wilson,  
Welcome to Wilson, pioneer!

Welcome to Wilson, Woodrow Wilson,  
Welcome to Wilson, friend of man,  
Who follows the gleam  
—O flags unfurled!—  
Of a dream, a dream  
That shall save the world!  
Welcome to Wilson, Wilson, Wilson,  
Welcome to Wilson, friend of man!

*I d e a l i s t s*

THE hemlock cup for Socrates;  
The cross for Christ our Lord;  
And evermore the centuries  
Are listening to their word.

O Woodrow Wilson, firm of soul,  
For you is no defeat;  
The crown of thorns, the bitter bowl,  
Make victory complete.

Deserted and betrayed today,  
A million morrows come  
To follow where you lead the way  
And make the world a home.

*October, 1920*

# Woodrow Wilson

*You may trample the Dreamer—and God forgive  
The wrongs men's hatreds do!—  
But the Dream, the Dream, the Dream shall live  
Till it wins the heart of you.*

## I

WE stand so close to terror and to splendor,  
Muffled in dark or dazzled by the glow,  
We can not tell our doom from our defender,

Bewildered by immensity of woe.  
Fear, famine, massacre the waste globe over,  
Old empires rocking, states in rending throes

Of Revolution, yet the treasure-trover  
Is groping in the ruins, and men graze  
Like cattle in their own fenced field of clover,

Unmindful that the forest is ablaze.  
How have we dealt with our high Patriot,  
The world's bright beacon in distracted days?

Still lights in darkness shine, and still their lot  
Is that the darkness comprehendeth not.

## II

Epitome of all historic pages,  
We have read the ancient savageries of war  
In print scarce dried. All dramas of all ages



Crowd our brief stage; the stealthy senator  
Poisons the wind with whispers against greatness  
That dwindles him, till our worn warrior

Is ringed with daggers; crookedness and straightness,  
The traitor knights and questers of the Grail,  
Merge in that last dim battle, desolateness

Of chivalry, where blindly through the veil  
Of wizard mist spears at haphazard smite  
Sore-wounded Arthur in his silver mail,

Until the pagans triumph and the fight  
Sobs into silence of the deepening night.

### III

Spirit long shaping for sublime endeavor,  
A Sword of God, the gleaming metal came  
From stern Scotch ancestry, where whatsoever

Was true, was pure, was noble, won acclaim;  
From scholar sires of holy consecration  
Whose saints were Knox and Calvin. In the flame

And on the anvil, in that strong creation  
Of blade from ore, did not Geneva call  
Unto Geneva? For the world's salvation

Was wrought that brand, a splendor over all,  
Deep-scored by many a skilled artificer  
With runes, cross-hilted, jeweled for the hall,

Keen-edged for combat, burning through base slur  
And cruel calumny, Excalibur.

Upflung upon an agony exceeding  
All agonies this haggard earth has borne,  
On his one heart beat all the frantic pleading

Of all the starved, plague-ridden, battle-torn,  
Perishing peoples, while those furtive foemen,  
Old Selfishness, Derision, Faith Forsworn,

Let fly their venom'd arrows, practised bowmen,  
From ambush. So the wrestling, glorious dream  
That winged his heart was brought to dust, an omen

Ill for humanity, prompt to blaspheme  
A brightness dimmed, a roseate vision paled.  
Yet from that trampled heart the immortal gleam

Ascends a living League of Nations hailed  
By Christmas chimes. Its champion has not failed.

## V

Democracy! Alas, our souls are shaken.  
The wisdom of the multitude is vain,  
A passion that all varying winds awaken,

Save it become the wisdom of the main,  
The innumerable-crested, tossing ocean,  
Whose tides, though buffeted by hurricane,

Follow with deep, undauntable devotion  
Their guiding moon, calm goddess of the sea,  
Rhythm and law of all its foaming motion.

O surging hearts! Unless divine decree  
Of Right control us, one more sorry jest  
For cynic Time shall our Republic be.

“Democracy is on its final test,”  
Warns our white leader, who has loved it best.

*December, 1920*



## *What Is Christ?*

**O**H, what is Christ, that we should call on him?  
 Wasted Armenia, in her utter woe,  
 Died in the mocking desert, calling so;  
 Hyenas tore her children limb from limb.  
 The clouds, soft dimpled once with cherubim,  
 Have learned to screen new Lucifers that strow  
 Their fiery seed where clustered households know  
 'Twixt sleep and death one flaring interim  
 Of agony, brief as the broken prayer.  
 What prayer? What Christ? Himself he did not save.  
 From first to last, when hath he saved his own?  
 Stephen's young body, battered stone by stone,  
 Edith Cavell in her most holy grave,  
 For his multitude of martyrs witness bear.

Thought casts the challenge. Faith must lift the glove.  
 Most true it is Christ doth not save the flesh.  
 Earth's miracle of manhood, caught in mesh  
 Of ignorance and malice, whitest dove  
 Net ever snared, took little heed thereof.  
 Not his to plead with Pilate, nor to thresh  
 Those priestly lies. He died to live afresh  
 Spirit, not body; not the Jew, but Love.  
 Love, the one light in which all lustres meet,  
 Mirage that through the desert beckons Time!  
 Even today, when all seems lost, they feel,  
 Those nations that like hooded sorrows kneel,  
 Their prayer's deep answer, loathing war as crime,  
 Longing to gather at Love's wounded feet.

## *Nungesser and Coli*

**O** FRAGILE life they were so fain to fling  
 Into the wild adventure! Swift as thought  
 They soared and vanished. Women prayed; men sought;  
 Rumors went by on faint, persistent wing.  
 We plead with Time, who moves, a hooded thing,  
 Finger on lip, his eyes with secrets fraught,  
 Perchance, even now, toward some bright message caught  
 From zone to zone, some glad discovering,  
 Some marvellous moment when the shadow cast  
 On festivals for our young champion's leap  
 From coast to coast—O chivalry of France,  
 How gallantly did her great welcome keep  
 Sorrow at bay!—may melt and old romance  
 Fill up its tale with grief turned joy at last.

## *The Spirit of St. Louis*

**T**HUNDER-BIRD, roaring through blue spaces  
 Above the challenge of the gull's hoarse cry,  
 While sky and ocean look with startled faces  
 Upon each other and this fleck between,  
 Spark of silver sheen  
 Zooming up from clinging sleet in races  
 Against Death, who follows, ever follows  
 On the trail of airmen through the hollows  
 Of fog and swirls of storm, with you what splendors fly!

Shining wraiths, heroes who were mustered  
 By bugles in their blood to take the dare  
 Of the impossible! Assemblage lustered  
 By gleam beyond all suns, discoverers,  
 Explorers, mariners  
 Daring the Sea of Darkness! Glories clustered  
 About that madcap stripling blithely speeding  
 From dawn to gloaming on a path exceeding  
 All terrors, youth invading the vastness of the air!

Venturers, their own courage striking  
 Into his heart, Columbus free from chain,  
 Amerigo Vespucci, Leif the Viking,  
 Magellan, Sir John Franklin, Peary, Scott,  
 And those whom Fame forgot  
 Or deemed too low for her capricious liking,  
 Allured no less to happy quests or tragic  
 By Danger's foam-white, snow-white, cloud-white magic,  
 Innumerable phantoms of strength not forged in vain!

Bodyguard, close about him flying,  
 His brother eagles of the broken wing,

Sacrificial throng whose dauntless dying  
 Blazed the ascending way for mightier plumes!  
 Triumphant in their dooms,  
 Each fall and failure but a prophesying  
 Of victory at last, the golden legion  
 Halo their peer in that aerial region  
 From birth of time defiant of human mastering.

Spirit of St. Louis, sweetheart vessel  
 Of a glad sailor who has merged his soul  
 With his fleet ship in their stupendous wrestle  
 Against the scornful elements, you fly  
 As native to the sky.  
 And he, who such few years ago would nestle  
 Within a mother's arms, now cleaves the sunset,  
 One force with you in that miraculous onset,  
 Horized by void space and swifter than a cry.

Continents, awake that night to listen  
 For radio word of Lindbergh's arrowing flight  
 Above the clouds, whereon the moonbeams glisten  
 For his enchanted gaze in fairer glows  
 Than earth's low vision knows,  
 Wist not how their outpour of prayer should christen  
 Those thoughtful brows with a diviner power,  
 Lift all mankind to his exalted hour,  
 Bathe those mechanic wings in Bethlehem's own light.

Sunrise flings over the flushed Atlantic  
 His first triumphal arch, for he redeems  
 Our faith that matter is but slave gigantic  
 Of spirit and that what the will of man  
 Longs to do, it can.



Once more is life a fairy-tale, romantic,  
A rapture and a glorious desire.  
Love lights on every coast her beacon-fire  
To welcome the young Admiral of Dreams.

# Earth Listens

AT last our dull Earth listens:  
*Peace! Goodwill!*  
 The Star of Bethlehem glistens  
 Nearer, nearer still.

Holy lustre christens  
War-torn heath and hill.  
At last, at last Earth listens:  
*Peace! Goodwill!*

## *M i r a c l e*

THE multitudinous, jostling populace,  
 Umbrellas quarreling, slosh up and down  
 The clanging streets of many a sordid town  
 Under a snowmist that the smokes debase  
 Before it wraps the chimneys. Yet a trace  
 Of glory smites the air, a sudden crown  
 Set on humanity, as newsboys drown  
 The motors with a message out of space.

From glacial wilderness, earth's nether dome  
 Of desolation, white Antarctica,  
 Her latest challenger, Commander Byrd,  
 Is flinging through the savage orchestra  
 Of booming ice and screaming blizzard, word  
 Of greeting to the globe, his friends, his home.

## *A m e r i c a   t h e   D r e a m*

*"So blesse thee God and give thee joyance of thy dreame."*

—SPENSER



## *America the Dream*

### I

**T**HROUGH dim, æonian time  
 She lay, a pearly lustre on the sea,  
 A princess pale, enchanted,  
 Deaf to the spheric chime  
 Of the uncounted cycles, as if she  
 Had drained the chalice of Eternity.  
 Yet still the seasons granted  
 To her, so fair in her untroubled prime,  
 Their changing graces fresh from Paradise,  
 Their violets, like flakes from out the blue,  
 Cincture of rose and coronal of ice.  
 Not one but every clime  
 In loyal lavishment  
 Poured on her ravishment  
 Of beauty and of elemental bliss;  
 For Thou, Arch-Poet of that song sublime  
 Whose syllables are stars, Who dost endue  
 With wingèd gleam  
 The silken chrysalis,  
 Deep in her slumber didst enfold a dream.

### II

She was Thy holy word  
 In the beginning, when with clamors dread  
 The crystal mass was riven;  
 When water softly blurred  
 The scars of that harsh agony and bred  
 Vague, floating life; when mossy thread by thread  
 The robe of green was given;

When through the new, enmisted world was heard  
But whisper-whisper of colossal fern  
Beneath whose fronds uncanny creatures moved ;  
When monstrous feet the wide salt marsh would churn,  
And nightmare shapes of bird,  
Like art's simplicity,  
Sought their felicity  
Of food and sunshine on remembering shore ;  
Ay, when Thy frost enclasped her, when she stirred  
And broke that glistening bondage, rent and grooved  
By fire and stream,  
Thou at the secret core  
Of Love's own heart didst cherish her, Thy dream.

### III

How many a flushing morn  
Sprang ardent from the East, only to hear  
Mad avalanches thunder  
Down fir-dark slopes forlorn,  
Wild chariots that bore no charioteer  
And yet were guided; raving torrents rear  
Their foamy crests and sunder  
Granite from granite in triumphal scorn!  
Still Nature, like a frenzied prophet, knew;  
The Andes, hearts of fire and brows of snow,  
Peered forth to find their lords; no wind that blew  
But wound a herald horn.  
As in weird merriment,  
Apes made experiment  
Of human guise, till time had crowned the hour,  
No more unworshipped should the sunrise glow,  
Nor eagle scream  
Unchallenged by that power  
Whose birthright and whose destiny is dream.

## IV

Like gropers in the dark,  
Barely distinguishable from the blur,  
Passed the primeval races.  
No earth-brown meadow-lark,  
Whose April lilt set savage blood astir,  
Found in oblivion deeper sepulchre  
Than their lost breed embraces.  
Nay, when the flint gave up its hoarded spark,  
And life became so sweet, men would not die,  
But shaped them weapons for the battle-shock,  
And swung their homes in trees, or perched them high,  
Where only heaven might hark,  
On cliffs unscalable;  
Even there assailable  
By Death, they vanished as vain shadows go,  
Spent tides of life that left no ripple-mark  
Save litanies engraven on the rock  
In woes extreme  
That are no longer woe,  
But lighter than the footsteps of a dream.

V

The golden emperors,  
Sporting like children with earth's glittering stones,  
Are lost as midnight swallows  
Her bright-winged meteors.  
Plume-canopied and porphyry-columned thrones,  
Gay sacrificial pomps, with heavy moans  
Of victim-train that follows,  
Hurtling of hosts in old, impassioned wars,  
Where nameless patriots struck their broken blow



And smiled upon the torture; all are gone,  
 Save as the sullen pēon clinks his hoe  
 On dumb ambassadors  
 From kindred amity  
 To his calamity,  
 Charred bone, clay-crusted jewel, blunted spear.  
 No Iliad hath made inheritors  
 Of glory these on whom our moonlight shone  
 With tranquil beam.  
 To our charmed hemisphere  
 They were but phantoms hindering her dream.

VI

O joyous dream divine,  
 Celestial hope seeded in this our land  
 Beyond great waters hidden,  
 'Twixt voids of tossing brine  
 Sheltered within the hollow of God's hand!  
 Lo, time is ripe. At His august command  
 The rumoring waves are ridden  
 By ships that sail from sign to gracious sign  
 Across the unimaginable sea,  
 Till one blest dawn reveals the virgin world.  
 Then all her forests chant a jubilee,  
 For who should win her shrine,  
 Her Islands Fortunate,  
 Save the importunate  
 Champions of that White Glory throned above  
 All starry hearts? Here shall the Vision shine,  
 And here the holy banner be unfurled,  
 Superb, supreme,  
 His banner Who is Love  
 Over her beauty blossomed from His dream.

VII

How horribly they came,  
 Those vaunted Children of the Sacred Sun,  
 Pale warriors armed with thunder  
 And agony of flame!  
 How all the odorant woods of cinnamon  
 Sickened with blood! How moaned the Amazon  
 And Orinoco under  
 The cruel keels whose victory was shame!  
 In vain the wondering pepper-tree cast down  
 Innocent rubies on those ranks of steel,  
 Whose frenzied greed still sought the glimmering town,  
 Manoa, fatal name,  
 Forever hovering  
 Beyond discovering,  
 Fugitive splendor luring but to loss,  
 A mockery of insubstantial fame.  
 Before the cross the red invaders kneel,  
 While they blasphemè  
 The Christ upon the cross,  
 The Pitiful Who suffered for a dream.

VIII

Four centuries have wrought  
 On that wild continent their changeful will,  
 Till life is subtly woven  
 And intricate with thought.  
 Mind sparkles out swift miracles, yet still  
 Each new good comes companioned with new ill.  
 And what though hills be cloven,  
 Though nature's mystic energies be caught  
 In unexampled nets, till men indeed

Mount up with wings as eagles, if the cry  
 Of dwarfing hunger, sin-compelling need,  
 Setteth the soul distraught?  
 One field's sterility  
 Blights all fertility;  
 One little droop-head pining in a slum  
 Arraigns this Golden West, last haven sought  
 By earth's long sorrows. Shall she, too, deny,  
 Whose granaries teem?  
 Shall not Love's kingdom come,  
 And glad reality be one with dream?

IX

O visionary land!  
 Hath all the quest been folly, till at last  
 Courage is but bravado?  
 Doth he convicted stand,  
 Thy Will-o'-the-Wisp, whose flicker hath morassed  
 Millions of feet that followed on too fast,  
 Greedy for El Dorado?  
 Ah no, forever shall a shimmering strand,  
 Haunting the doors of sunset like a wraith,  
 Forth to the perils of uncharted seas  
 Summon the gallant caravels of faith;  
 And treasures yet unscanned,  
 More radiant rarities,  
 Virtues and charities  
 Of finer essence shall the voyage surprise;  
 For not till Life and Joy go hand in hand  
 Have mortals found the far Hesperides.  
 Oh, to redeem  
 From our America's still folded eyes  
 The marvel of her undiscovered dream!







